

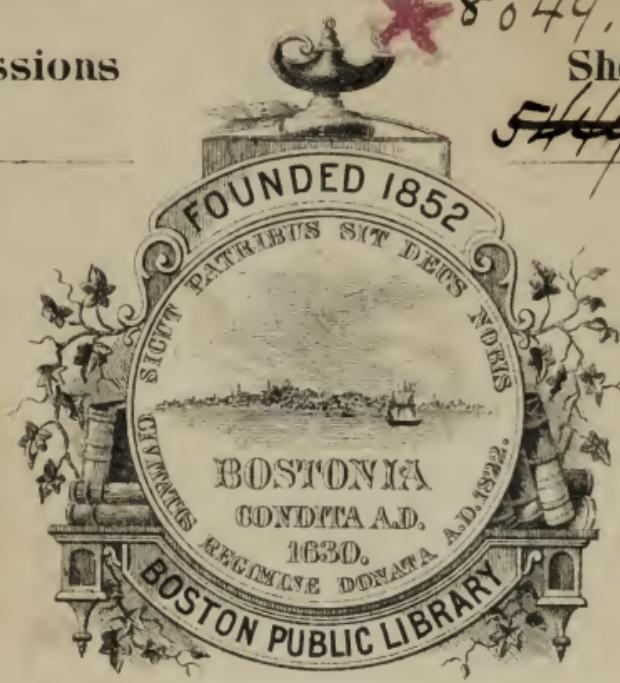


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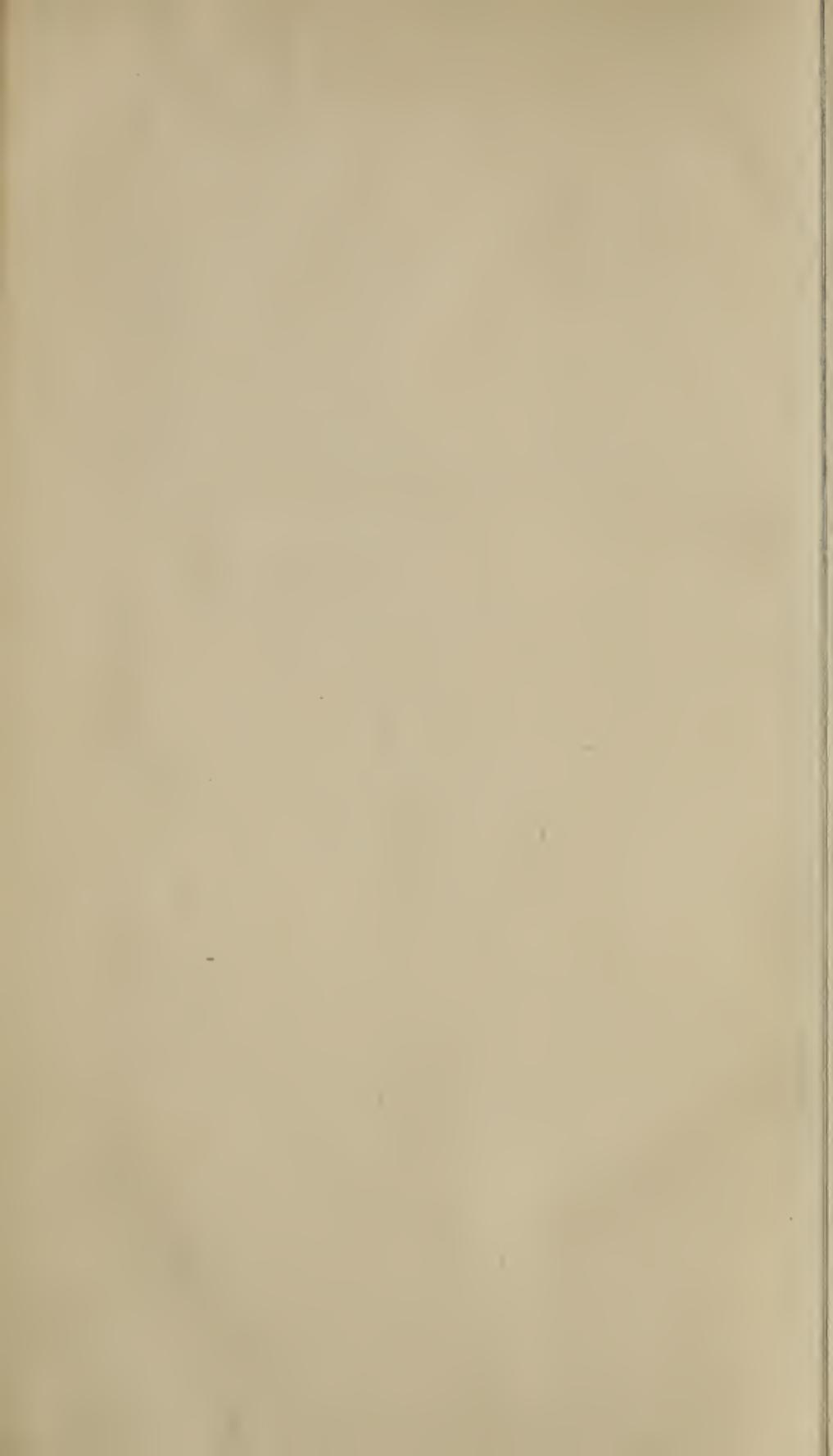
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SPIRITUAL SONGS

FOR

Social Worship:

5449.17

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF FAMILIES AND PRIVATE CIRCLES
IN SEASONS OF REVIVALS,
TO MISSIONARY MEETINGS, TO THE MONTHLY CONCERT, AND TO
OTHER OCCASIONS OF SPECIAL INTEREST.

Words and Music arranged by
THOMAS HASTINGS, of Utica, and LOWELL MASON, of Boston.

Utica:

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1832.

May 15, 1860

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P R E F A C E.

THE chief design of this publication, is to present to the lovers of devotional song, a convenient manual for the use of families and social religious meetings. In the larger and more dignified assemblies, psalmody will continue to hold its appropriate place; but for social and private uses, something is needed which is more familiar, more chantant, and more easy of execution. The importance of such music has become too evident to escape the notice of intelligent Christians; and the demand for it, especially in seasons of revival, has of late been increasing.

It is to be lamented, however, that in meeting this demand, compilers have not more frequently had recourse to good music. Hitherto, the best compilers have done little more for this department, than to furnish occasional specimens among psalms and hymns of the ordinary character. These, though the number has been gradually increasing, have not been equal to the public demand. The consequence is, that a multitude of insipid, frivolous, vulgar, and profane melodies, have been forced into general circulation, to the great disparagement of the art, as well as to the detriment of musical reform.

Such a result as this might, indeed, have been naturally anticipated, in times and circumstances like our own. Impenitent men, for example, who might be ignorant of the true principles of devotional music, would, immediately on their conversion, be found to exercise their religious feelings in such melodies as might then be at hand, whatever might be the character of those melodies, or however they might have been previously connected in the minds of others, with profane or impure associations. Almost any music which should be applied to solemn words, under such affecting circumstances, would, for a little time, be sung with delight by the young convert, and heard with interest by such Christians as had previously neglected the whole subject of devotional singing; and such, there is some reason to apprehend, is the majority of professors at the present day.

There is also one fact in the history of psalmody, which has lent its influence to the result above mentioned. A number of

devotional tunes now contained in the best collections in Europe and America, are known to have had a secular origin. Music which is purely the language of emotion, it must be admitted, has sometimes been found susceptible of such changes. The same strains that could in one age of the world express the joys or the sorrows of earthly love, could in another age, when the circumstances of their origin had been forgotten, be made instrumental of kindling affections that are more pure and holy.

Examples of this nature, however, have been comparatively few among the successful cultivators of the art; and they have by no means been sufficiently numerous to constitute any thing like a general rule of adaptation. Such experiments have been generally unfortunate; and in later times they have been liable to the most serious and weighty objections. Yet, if the lapse of three centuries has furnished among the innumerable abuses of the art, some fifteen or twenty specimens of a more favorable character, it by no means follows, that in the present state of the churches, the same experiment may be safely repeated by every publisher who is unacquainted with music, directly in defiance of the fundamental principles of the art. But this very thing has been done, and the public have been extensively called upon, in these enlightened days of reform, to recognize in the current love songs, the vulgar melodies of the street, of the midnight reveller, of the circus and the ball room, the very strains which of all others, we are told, are the best adapted to call forth pure and holy emotions, in the special seasons of revival! In some instances, too, tunes have come to us, not as old acquaintances partially recognized, but in all the freshness of their corruption, still reeking, as it were, with the impure associations which prevail in the haunts of moral pollution!

What was to be done in such circumstances as these? The *established rules of musical adaptation*, furnish the only remedy. These are found to correspond at once with the dictates of sound sense, and the history of past experience.

The first legitimate question on the choice of tunes for devotional purposes, is, whether at the time of selection, they possess intrinsically an appropriate character; and are thence adapted to call forth the right emotions.

Music, it should be remembered, is very variable in its character. What has been known to edify the people of one age or nation, has often proved insipid to another.

Extraneous circumstances will also be found sometimes to give

temporary interest to a tune, which is insipid in itself; and where they do so, the tune will, to some extent, be used; but this is no reason why it should be held up to the public in general as a fair specimen of intrinsic excellence—the use of which would thus be sanctioned, and perpetuated. Such a course would have a tendency to bring the whole art of music into disrepute. To borrow an illustration from a sister art—some very good men, for example, will in their own devotions, prefer serious doggerels to the most simple, chaste, and impassioned specimens of lyric verse. Let them do so. This does not alter the nature of the doggerels, nor render it necessary to force them into more general circulation. The man that does this, ultimately inflicts an injury upon the best interests of literature and religion; and the same may be said of the publisher of music who pursues a corresponding course in his selection of tunes. These cases we consider as entirely parallel.

The second question on the selection of devotional tunes, is, whether the specimens before us, though intrinsically chaste melodies, and effective, may not, in the minds of a considerable portion of the community, be connected with profane associations. Where this is ascertained to be the fact, the tune should, for the present at least, be cast aside as worse than useless. Give it a place among the more favored doggerels, where it may continue to be used in private, and eventually be sunk in oblivion, or restored to public favor.

We are aware that the full importance of these fundamental principles of adaptation will not be readily appreciated by those who habitually neglect the cultivation of the art; yet, they are principles that bear the impress, as we have said, of sound sense and universal experience; and principles that have a vital influence upon the permanent interests of devotional song.

Let the young convert, coming suddenly into a new world of light and love, express his bursting emotions in airs that are familiar to him, and let none rudely intermeddle with his joys. Let the simple-hearted Christian, who suddenly awakes, as by a second conversion to the glorious themes of the gospel, sing forth in private, in his family, and in the small praying circles, the fulness of his glad emotions in the rudest of strains, when nothing more appropriate is at hand. In such cases, there is no time as yet, for special cultivation. And where only the lame, the blind, the halt, and the torn can be obtained for the sacrifice, the offering will perhaps be accepted,

and the exercise for a little time will tend to edification. But to seize upon this circumstance for the purpose of forcing such unseemly melodies into general circulation, is just as preposterous as it would be to publish all the broken petitions of prayer, or the imperfect expressions of Christian experience that fall from the lips of the new-born soul. Such things are interesting in their place, because they show the undisguised sincerity of the person who utters them; but certainly, they are not on this account to be collected and published as suitable materials for a manual of devotion.

Such are the views entertained by the compilers of this volume. On the materials that are here presented, they have bestowed abundant labor. Their object has been uniformly to connect chaste simplicity with the fervor of devotion. Most of the tunes are chantant and familiar. Many of them have been composed expressly for this work. Not one of them, it is believed, has been injured by unhallowed associations. The words have been selected and arranged with care, through the kind assistance of several of the clergy; and not a few of the poetic specimens which are here presented, have been furnished by different hands, as original compositions. These and other favors will be more fully acknowledged, when all the materials shall have been prepared for the subsequent volumes. That the work may prove extensively useful in elevating the standard of sacred music, and in enlivening the devotions of the pious, is the sincere and earnest prayer of the

COMPILERS.

January, 1832.

Spiritual Songs for Social Worship.

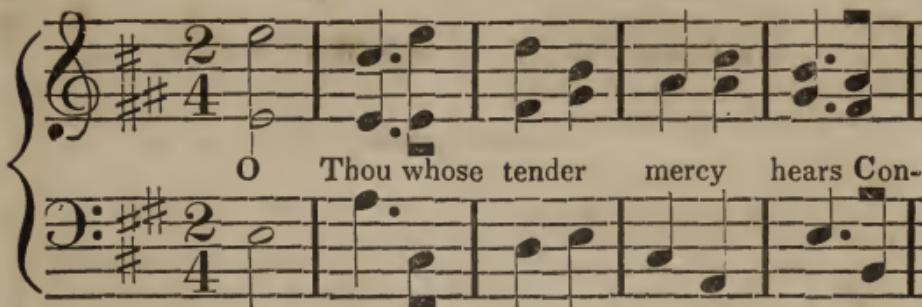
I. PREPARATION.

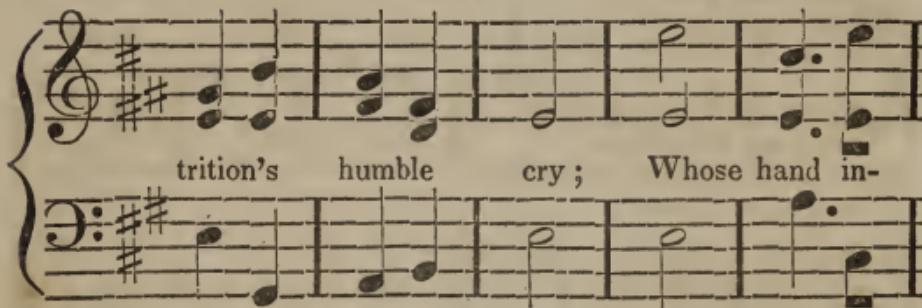
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Jesus
loves to answer prayer; He him - self has
bid thee pray; Rise and ask without de - lay.

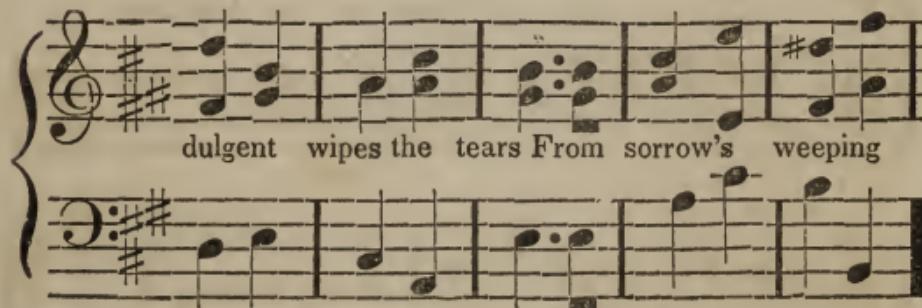
2 With my burden I begin :
Lord remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast:
Thou thy sovereign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

CONTRITION. C. M.

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2. *Contrition.*

- 1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble cry ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
O, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat !
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray ;
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way.

- 5 O, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine !
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

3. *Penitence.*

- 1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 O, let not justice frown me hence ;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm :
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4. *Seeking after God.*

Job xxiii. 3.

- 1 O, that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God ;
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad,
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain :
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leave my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.
5. *A refuge from the storm.*
Deut. xxxiii. 27.
- 1 Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting soul relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O ! when gloomy doubts prevail ;
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee !
Thou art my only trust :
And still my soul would cleave to thee
Though prostrate in the dust.

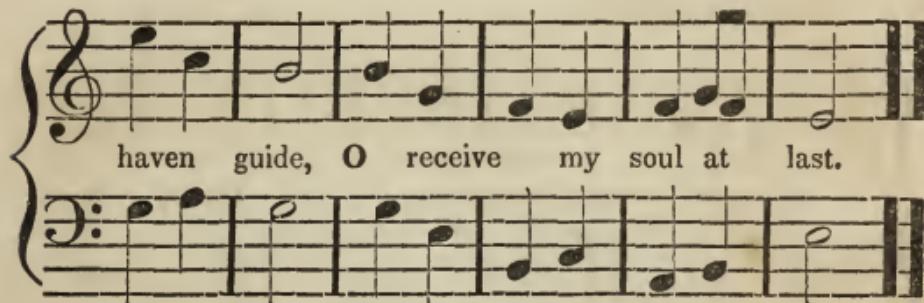
HAVEN.

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy

bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the

tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,

Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the



6. Looking to Jesus.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none ;
Helpless hangs my soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me,
All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
All my help from thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Jesus, thou art all I want ;
Boundless love in thee I find !
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name :
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile, and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity.

7. Seeking for a blessing.

1 Son of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my ev'ry want ;
Tree of life, thine influence give,
Nourish me, and bid me live.
Tend'rest branch, alas ! am I ;
Without thee I droop and die,
Weak and helpless infancy ;
O confirm my soul in thee !

2 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall ;
Send the strength for which I call :
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.
All my hopes on thee depend ;
Love me, save me to the end !
Give me thy sustaining grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

8. Seeking for a blessing.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow :
O, do not our suit disdain !
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay :
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

NUREMBURGH.

Once I thought my mountain strong, Firmly fix'd, no

more to move; Then my Saviour was my song,

Then my soul was fill'd with love. Those were happy,

golden days, Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

9. *In Darkness.*

1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move ;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love.
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r ;
Now I feel my sins renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour !
Sin has put my joys to flight ;
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive :
Make my wounded spirit whole ;
Far away the tempter drive ;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

10. *Psalm xlivi.*

1 Save me, Lord, in this distress ;
Clothe me in thy righteousness ;
Good and merciful thou art ;
Bind this bleeding, broken heart :
Cast me not despairing hence ;
Be my love, my confidence.

2 Send thy light and truth to guide ;
Leave me not to turn aside ;
On thy holy hill I'll rest,
In thy courts for ever blest :
There to God, my hope, my joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

11. *Adoption.*

1 Blessed are the sons of God ;
They are bought with Jesus' blood ;
They are ransom'd from the grave ;
Life eternal they shall have.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justifi'd by grace ;
They enjoy the Saviour's peace ;

All their sins are wash'd away :
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They produce the fruits of grace ;
In the works of righteousness ;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

4 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth ;
One with God, with Jesus one ;
Glory with them is begun.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

12. *Luke ii.*

1 Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the worm, is lov'd of heav'n.
Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky.

2 Christ, th' incarnate God, we own' ;
Christ, the well-beloved Son ;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain ;
Saviour of offending man.
Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky.

13. *Doxology.*

1 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done.
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive ;
Claim me for thy service—claim
All I have, and all I am.

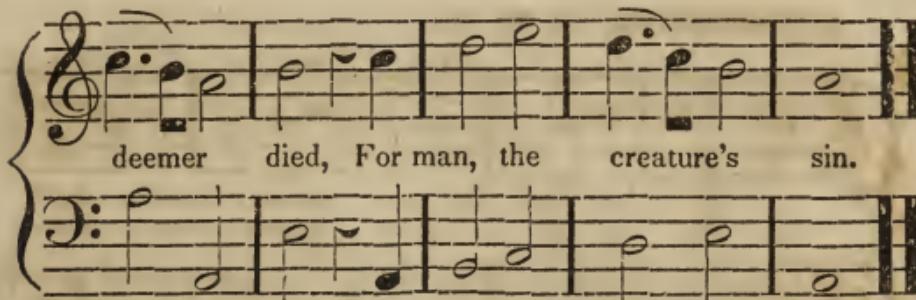
SUBMISSION. S. M. D.

A - - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And
Did he de - vote that sacred head, For

did my Sov'reign die? Well might the
such a worm as I?

sun in darkness hide, And shut his

glories in, When Je - sus, our Re-

14. *Submission.*

1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Did he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Jesus, the Redeemer, died
For man, the creature's sin.

2 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
But tears, alas, can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

15. *Going to Jesus.*

1 Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve ;
“ I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

2 “ Prostrate I'll lie before his throne ;
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone—
Without his sovereign grace.
Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.”

16. *And yet there is room.*

Luke xiv. 22.

1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room.

2 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
In him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

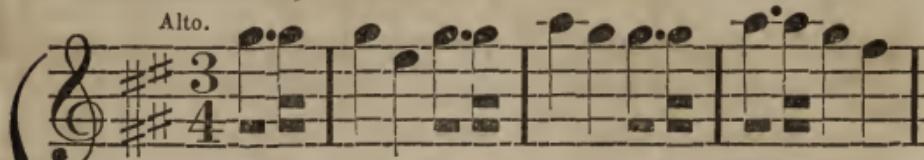
17. *Crucifixion.*

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for me !
Hark ! how he groans, while nature shake
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

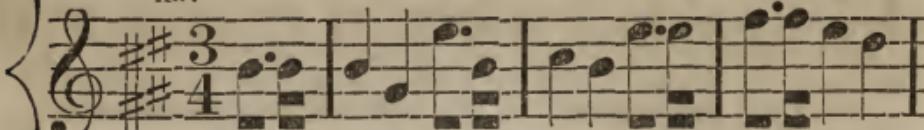
2 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
Receive my soul, he cries ;
See, where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies.
But soon o'er hell he reigns again
In majesty divine ;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

18. ZION.

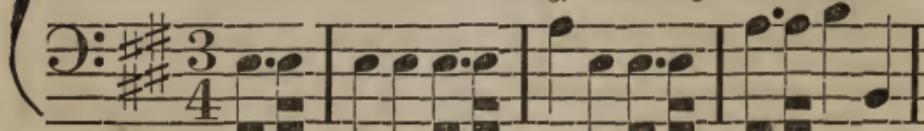
Alto.



Air.



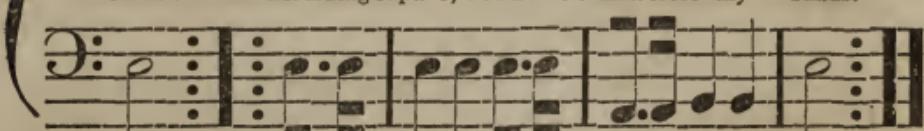
On the mountain's top a; pearing, Lo, the sacred herald
Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion long in hostile



Pia.



stands,
lands : Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands.



2 Hast thy night been long and mournful,
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well belov'd.

3 Thy own God will soon restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end,
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

19. *Spread of the Gospel.*

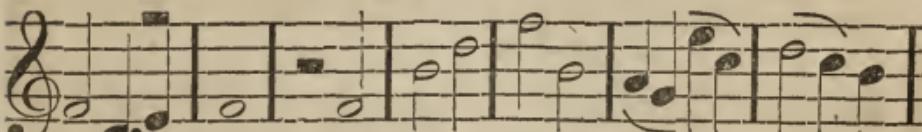
- 1 Now we hail the happy dawning
Of the Gospel's glorious light,
May it take the wings of morning,
And dispel the shades of night ;
Blessed Saviour,
Let our eyes behold the sight.
- 2 Where, amid the desert dreary,
Plant, nor shrub, nor flowret grows,
There refresh the wand'rer weary,
With the sight of Sharon's Rose,
And its beauties
To the longing eye disclose.
- 3 Where the beasts of prey are prowling,
And the murd'rous serpent's hiss,
There exchange the dismal howling
For the pleasing calm of peace ;
And for ever
May destruction's empire cease.
- 4 O, let all the world adore thee—
Universal be thy fame ;
Kings and subjects fall before thee,
And extol thy matchless name ;
All ascribing
Endless praises to the Lamb.

CHESTER. C. M.

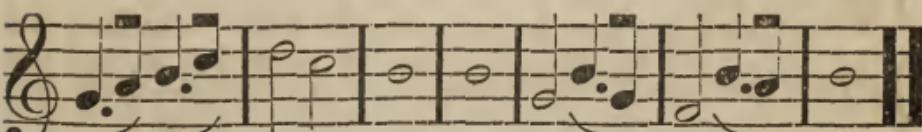
Solo.



How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be-



liever's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And



drives a - way his fear, And drives a - way his fear.

20. *The name of Jesus.*

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear ;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary—rest.
- 3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 4 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath :
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

THE SAVIOUR CALLS. C. M. D.

The Saviour calls, Let ev'ry ear At-
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear, Hope

tend the heav'nly sound ;
smiles reviving round. For ev'ry thirsty,

longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow, And life, and

health, and bliss impart, To banish mortal woe.

21. *The Saviour's Invitation.*

- 1 The Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound :
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.
- 2 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
And can you yet delay ?
Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

22. *Isaiah Iv. 1, 2.*

- 1 Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice :
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill a vacant mind :
- 2 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast ;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
Ho ! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

23. *Praise.*

- The God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

24. *Goodness of God.*

- 1 Ye humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 2 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble raise

- 3 Thine eye beholds with kind regard,
The souls that trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honors shall we raise ?
Not all the raptur'd songs above,
Can render equal praise.

25. *Reconciliation.*

- 1 Dearest of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?
'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again ;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 2 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
But, if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins ;
His name forbids my slavish fear :
His grace removes my sins,

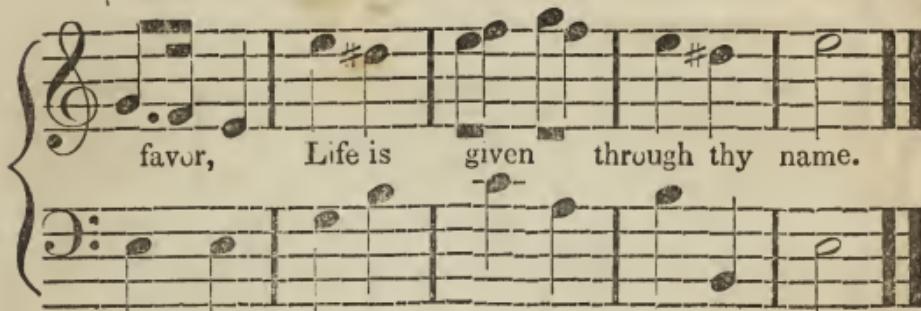
MESSIAH.

2
Hail! thou once des - - pised Jesus,
Who didst suf - - fer to re - - - lease us,

Hail, thou bleeding, conq'ring King;
Who didst free sal - - va - tion bring. Hail, thou

glorious God and Saviour; Thou hast borne our

sin and shame; Thro' thy merit we find

26. *Messiah.*

1 Hail ! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou bleeding, conq'ring King ;
Who did'st suffer to release us,
Who did'st free salvation bring.
Hail ! thou glorious God and Saviour,
Thou hast borne our sin and shame ;
Through thy merit we find' favor,
Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading :
‘ Spare them yet another year ! ’
There for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

27. *Sitting at Jesus' feet.*

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend,
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Still in faith and hope abiding,
Life deriving from his death,

2 O, how blessed is the station !
Low before the cross I'll lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in the Victim's eye ;
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing ;
Plead and claim my peace with God.

28. *Aspiring to Immortality.*

1 In this world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with every care :
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude despair.
Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see !
O assist each faint endeavor,
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

2 Place that awful scene before us,
Of the last tremendous day,
When to light thou wilt restore us ;
Ling'ring ages haste away !
Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on !
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour !
Let thy gracious will be done !

29. *Pilgrimage.*

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears ;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us ;
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us ;
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

GEORGETOWN.

2
4

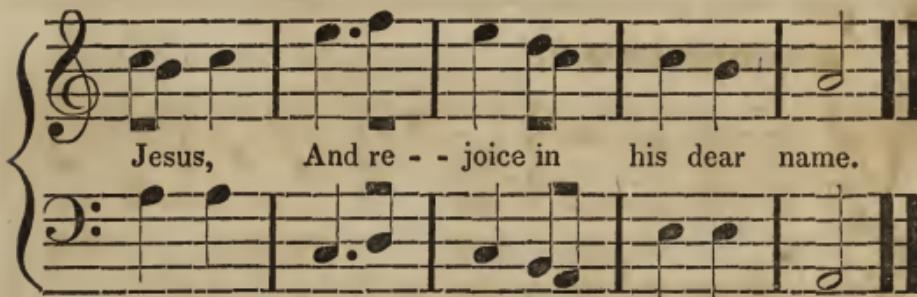
O, my soul, what means this sadness,

2
4

Wherefore art thou thus cast down? Let thy

grief be turn'd to gladness; Bid thy rest - less

fear be - gone; Look to Jesus, look to

30. *Looking to Jesus.*

- 1 O my soul, what means this sadness ?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness ;
Bid thy restless fear begone :
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee ;
Though thy heart is stain'd with sin :
Jesus livies : he'll ne'er forget thee ;
He will make thee pure within.
He is faithful
To perform his precious word.

31. *Redeeming Love.*

- Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Streams of mercy, &c.
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptur'd saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
Fill my soul, &c.
While I sing redeeming love.

- 3 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Offer'd his most precious blood.
He, to save, &c.
Offer'd his most precious blood.

32. *Dismission.*

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O, refresh us !
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

33. *Redeeming Love.*

- 1 Hail, the ever blessed Jesus,
Thy redeeming love I sing ;
To my soul thy name is precious ;
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
O, how precious,
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd, in sin I lay ;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
Still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
- 3 Witness all ye hosts of heav'n,
My Redeemer's tenderness !
Love I much ? Ah, much forgiv'n,
I'm a mirricle of grace.
Much forgiv'n,
I'm a miracle of grace.

44. PALESTINE.

They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest, Where the

bones of the prophets are laid, Where the chosen of Israel the

promise possess'd, And Je - hovah his wonders dis - play'd :

To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod, Where he

labor'd, and languish'd, and bled : Where he triumph'd o'er doath, and as-

cended to God, As he captive cap - tiv - ity led.

2 They have gone to the land where the Gospel's glad sound,

Sweetly tun'd by the angels above,

Was re-echo'd on earth, through the regions around,

In the accents of heavenly love :

Where the Spirit descended, in tokens of flame,

The rich gifts of his grace to reveal :

Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's name,

The truth of their mission to seal.

3 They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy have gone

To the land wheré the martyrs once bled :

Where the " Beast and False Prophet" have since trodden down

The fair fabric that Zion had laid :

Where the churches once planted, and water'd, and blest

With the dews which the Spirit distill'd,

Have been smitten, despoil'd, and by heathen possess'd ;

And the places that knew them, defil'd.

4 They have gone—O, thou Shepherd of Israel—have gone

The glad mission in love to restore ;

Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them alone ;

Thy blessing we humbly implore.

Thy blessing go with them—O, be thóu their shield

From the shafts of the fowler that fly ;

O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd

In mercy, in might, from on high.

35. MOUNT CALVARY.

Soprano staff (C major, common time): $\text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}$

Bass staff (D major, common time): $\text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}$

Text: Hearts of stone, re - lent, re - lent, Break by

Soprano staff (C major, common time): $\text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}$

Bass staff (D major, common time): $\text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}$

Text: Jesus' cross sub - du'd; See his body mangled,

Soprano staff (C major, common time): $\text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}$

Bass staff (D major, common time): $\text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}$

Text: rent, Cover'd with a gore of blood: Sinful

Soprano staff (C major, common time): $\text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}$

Bass staff (D major, common time): $\text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}\ \text{C}$

Text: soul, what hast thou done! Crucifi'd th'incarnate Son!

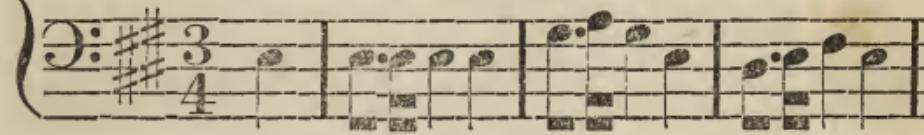
2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Dri'v'n the nails that fix'd him there ;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Plung'd into his side the spear ;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain ?
Still to death thy Lord pursue ?
Open all his wounds again ?
And the shameful cross renew ?
No ! with all my sins I'll part :
Break, O break my bleeding heart.

36. FOUNTAIN.



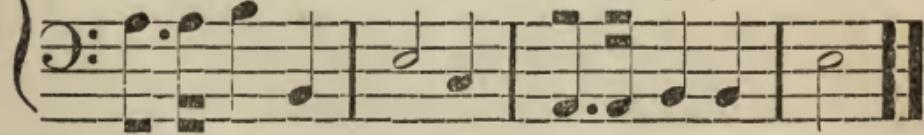
There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's



veins ; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose



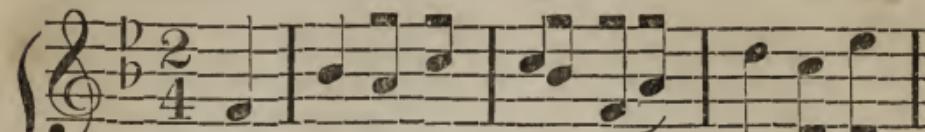
all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.



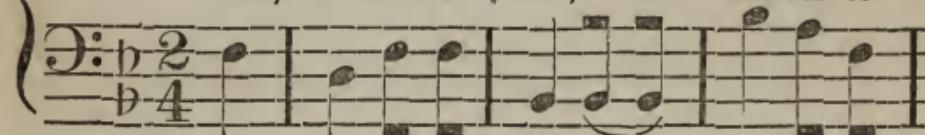
2 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply ;
Redeeming love has been my theme :
And shall be—till I die.

3 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy pow'r to save :
When my poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

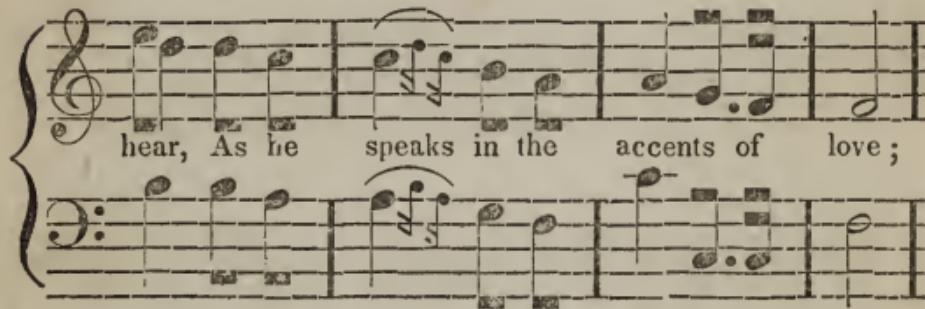
SALEM.



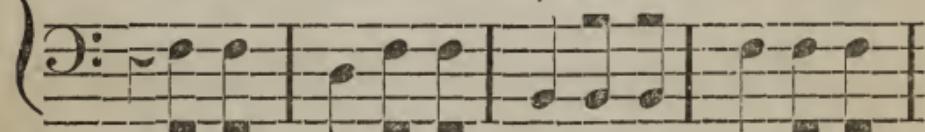
Come, let us draw near, The Saviour to



hear, As he speaks in the accents of love;

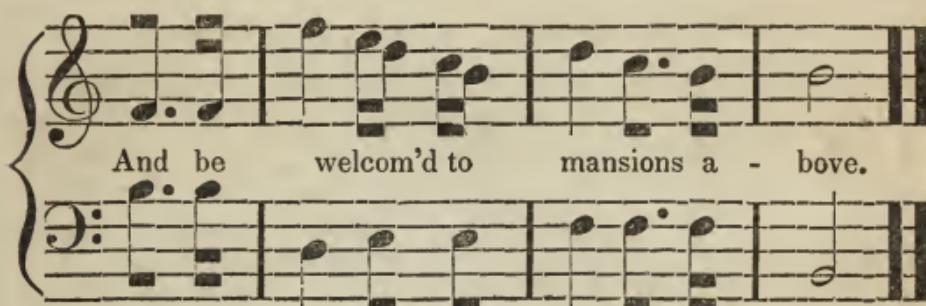


"He that cometh to me, Shall from sin be set



free, And be welcom'd to mansions a - bove,





37. "Come unto me."

1 Come, let us draw near,
The Saviour to hear,
As he speaks in the accents of love ;
" He that cometh to me,
Shall from sin be set free,
And be welcom'd to mansions above.

2 " Who in me confide,
Shall safely outride
All the tempests that lower beneath ;
With the ransom'd shall soar
To eternity's shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 " Through me they shall come
To their permanent home,
The fruition of heaven to prove :
By love they shall rise
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love."

38. First Love.

1 How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above ;
O, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 'Tis heaven below,
My Redeemer to know :
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

3 Yes, all the day long
Is my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name ;
O, that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

39. Dying Love.

1 Our voices we raise,
The Saviour to praise,
For the love that constrain'd him to die :
Let us joyfully sing
The once crucified King,
Now risen, exalted on high.

2 'Twas for rebels in sin
That Jesus was slain ;
'Twas for rebels he hung on the tree,
And languish'd and bled,
And dwelt with the dead,
That they from the curse might be free.

3 Yet the grave had no pow'r
In that gloomy hour ;
The victim it could not retain :
Triumphant he rose,
Despoiling his foes,
Ascending in heaven to reign.

4 Thy name be ador'd,
O Jehovah, our Lord !
For the love that constrain'd thee to die :
For ever we'll sing
Our crucified King,
Now risen, exalted on high.

DROOPING SOULS.

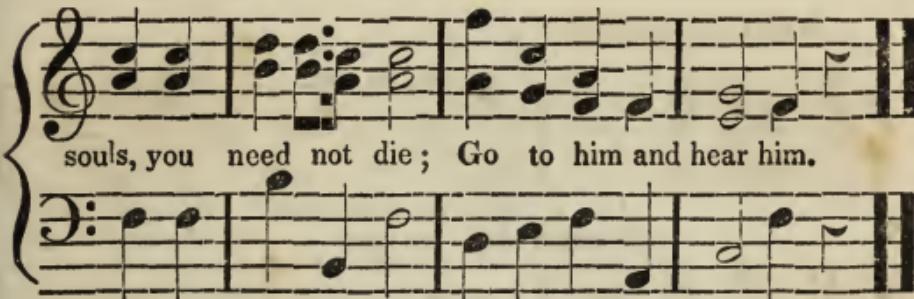
Air and 2d Treble.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff uses an alto clef (C-clef) and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music consists of two measures. The first measure contains eighth notes and sixteenth-note chords. The second measure contains eighth-note chords. The lyrics "Drooping souls, no longer mourn ; Jesus" are written below the notes.

A continuation of the musical score. The top staff starts with a half note followed by eighth notes. The bottom staff starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics "still is precious ; If to him you now return," are written below the notes.

A continuation of the musical score. The top staff starts with a half note followed by eighth notes. The bottom staff starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics "Heav'n will be pro - - - pitious. Jesus now is" are written below the notes.

A continuation of the musical score. The top staff starts with a half note followed by eighth notes. The bottom staff starts with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics "passing by, Calling wand'lers near him : Drooping" are written below the notes.



souls, you need not die ; Go to him and hear him.

40. *Mourning Penitents.*

1 Drooping souls, no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious :
If to him you now return,
Heav'n will be propitious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wand'lers near him :
Drooping souls, you need not die ;
Go to him and hear him.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden ;
Still he cries, " Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden."
Though your sins like mountains high
Rise and reach to heaven ;
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
Dear to all that love him :
He to save the dying came :
Go to him and prove him.
Wand'ring sinners, now return :
Contrite souls, believe him !
Jesus calls you ; cease to mourn :
Worship him ; receive him.

Jesus lives : in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

2 Worthless all your righteousness :
You the law have broken :
Flee you then to sovereign grace !
Mercy thus hath spoken.
Why in deeds that you have done
Seek for consolation ?
Jesus lives : in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

3 Guilty, helpless, and distress'd,
Ruin'd and despairing,—
Toiling for deceitful rest,—
Rebel, heaven-daring !
Prostrate bow before the throne ;
Take the lowest station ;
Jesus lives : in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

4 Prostrate bow ; confess your guilt ;
Own your lost condition ;
Yield to Him whose blood was spilt,
Unreserv'd submission.
Then no more in anguish groan :
See his mediation !
Jesus lives : in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

5 Linger not in all the plain ;
Vengeance is pursuing :
'Mid the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin.
Flee to Him who can atone ;
Flee from condemnation !
Jesus lives : in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

41. *Conviction of Sin.*

1 Dying souls, fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,—
With no ray of light divine
On your pathway shining,
Why in darkness wander on,
Fill'd with condemnation ?

MERCY SEAT.

Je - sus, our Prince and Saviour, May
Through thy atoning favor, Ap-

sinners, sick and poor, proach to mercy's door! And find an open

passage Up to the throne of grace; There wait thy

welcome message, That bids us go in peace!

42. *Mercy Seat.*

1 Jesus, our Prince and Saviour,
May sinners sick and poor,
Through thy atoning favor,
Approach to mercy's door !
And find an open passage
Up to the throne of grace ;
There wait thy welcome message
That bids us go in peace.

2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need ;
Defil'd in moral features ;
By nature wholly dead ;
Our strength is perfect weakness,
And we are prone to sin ;
Wanting in faith and meekness,
And love and peace within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid ?
Where shall we find compassion
But in the church's Head ?
Jesus, thou bleeding Saviour !
Restore us to thy love !
O, let thy blessed favor
No more from us remove.

4 We'll never cease repeating
Our numberless complaints ;
But ever be entreating
The glorious King of saints,
Till we attain the image
Of him who bids us love,
And pay our grateful homage
With all the saints above.

43. *The Sun of Righteousness.*

4 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings :
The Lord of Life arises
And his salvation brings.
While comforts are declining,
He sees us in distress
Then heals us by his shining,
The Sun of Righteousness.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Then freed from care and sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring hither what it may.

3 His presence fills the vallies ;
And crowns the lofty hills ;
He clothes the feeble lilies,
And waters them with rills :
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig tree either
Its fruit or leaves should bear ;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice :
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

44. *The Great Physician.*

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can save a ruin'd soul !
Nigh unto death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To show to all around me
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Then come to this Physician,
For life he'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition :
'Tis only—*look, and live !*

45. CONVINCED OF SIN.

Convinc'd of sin, O now be - gin, To

call up - on the Lord: Re - lent, and

pray, And mourn the day In which you scorn'd his word.

2 While converts sing,
And bless their King,
And praise th' incarnate Word—
O now submit
At Jesus' feet,
And own the sovereign Lord.

3 Now is the time
To come to him,
Who died that you might live :

Resist no more
The Spirit's pow'r;
No more yourselves deceive.

4 O, sovereign Lord,
Now speak the word,
And pierce each stubborn soul :
Yet as they bleed
Let love succeed,
And make the wounded whole.

46. *Redeeming Grace.*1 *Ancient of Days!*

Thy name we praise,
And glory give to thee!
That dying men,
Redeem'd from sin,
May thy salvation see.

2 We raise the song

With joyful tongue
To him that once was slain;
Low with the dead
He bow'd his head,
But soon reviv'd again.

3 Ascending high

No more to die,
See the triumphant Lord!
O how divine
His glories shine,
By heav'n and earth ador'd.

4 Immanuel!

Our bosom fill
With the seraphic fire;
That we may join
In themes divine
That wake th' angelic choir.

5 Now to the Lamb

That once was slain,
Be wisdom, glory, pow'r,
And blessing giv'n
By earth and heav'n,
While all their hosts adore,

6 *Ancient of Days!*

Thy glories blaze
Amid th' enraptur'd throng;
From this glad hour
For evermore,
We join the deathless song.

47. *Prayer for the Convicted.*

1 O, God of grace

And righteousness,
Now lend the list'ning ear:
To thee on high
Thy children cry,
O, Jesus! deign to hear.

2 These rebels slain,
May live again,
If they believe on thee:
O, make them bow
To Jesus now,
And thy salvation see.

3 Thy cause we plead,
For thou didst bleed
To rescue souls from death:
"Father, forgive,
"And bid them live,"
Was e'en thy dying breath.

4 Thy purchase claim,
O bleeding Lamb!
Thou ris'n, exalted Lord!
These rebels, then
Renouncing sin,
Shall own th' incarnate Word;

48. *Prospect of Heaven.*

There remaineth therefore a rest. Heb. 4. 9.

1 While here I sit
At Jesus' feet
Amid the vale of tears;
I'll trust his grace,
And sing his praise,
Nor yield to doubts and fears.

2 And can it be
That I shall see
My Saviour face to face?
For ever prove
His boundless love
And endless anthems raise?

3 The thought shall still
My musing fill,
By cares and sorrows prest;
The blessed hope
Shall bear me up—
The hope of endless rest.

4 When God appears
To wipe the tears
From ev'ry pilgrim's eye,
What tongue can tell
The joys they'll feel
Throughout eternity.

LIGHT OF THOSE.

Air and 2d Treble.

3 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
4 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
3:3 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
4 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

Light of those whose dreary dwelling, Borders on the

3 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
4 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
shades of death, Come, and by thy love re - - vealing,
3:3 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
4 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

3 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
4 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
Dissipate the clouds beneath : The new heav'n and earth's cre-
3:3 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
4 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

3 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
4 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
ator, In our deepest darkness rise ; Scatt'ring
3:3 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
4 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have four measures. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes. The lyrics 'all the night of nature, Pouring eyesight on our eyes.' are written below the notes.

49. *Light in Darkness.*

- 1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :
 The new heav'n and earth's Creator
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
 Pouring eyesight on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Ev'ry poor, benighted heart.
 Come and manifest thy favor
 To the ransom'd, helpless race ;
 Come, thou glorious God and Saviour !
 Come, and bring the Gospel grace.
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O, thou mild, pacific Prince !
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins ;
 By thine all-restoring merit
 Ev'ry burden'd soul release ;
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

50. *Love Divine.*

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
 All thy faithful mercies crown ;
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art .
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast ;
 Let us all thy grace inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest ;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Take our load of guilt away :
 End the work of thy beginning,
 Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secur'd by Thee :
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

51. *Zion.*

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded—
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 To supply thy sons and daughters,
 And the fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows, thy thirst t' assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

BELIEVER'S JOY. S. M. D.

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be

known; Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus sur-

round the throne. Let those refuse to sing, Who

never knew our God; But children of the

heav'ly King Should speak their joys a - broad.

52. *Believer's Joy.*

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heav'ly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'ly hills,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ; [ground]
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

53 *Rejoicing in God's ways.*

- 1 Now let our voices join
To form a sacred song ;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways
With music pass along.
See flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring :
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 2 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.
All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way ;
To him who leads the wand'lers on
To realms of endless day.

54. *Pleasures of Social Worship.*

- 1 How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !
Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 2 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents :
He listens to their humble sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

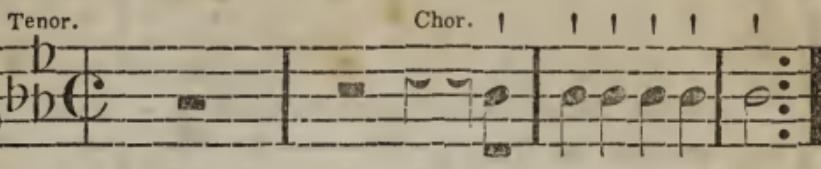
55. *Praise to God.*

- 1 O, bless the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose mercies are divine :
'Tis he forgives thy sins ;
'Tis he relieves thy pain ;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 2 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave :
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sovereign pow'r to save.
He fills the poor with good,
He gives the suff'lers rest :
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' opprest.

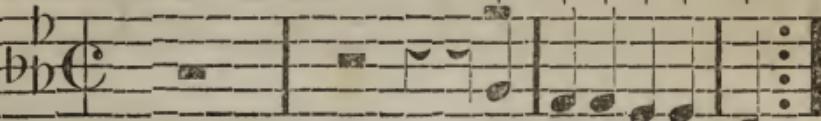
56. THE WARNING.

Tenor.

Chor.



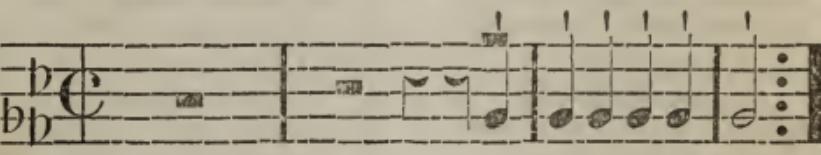
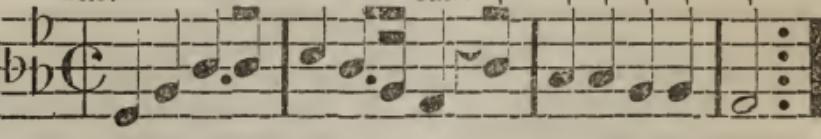
2d Treble.



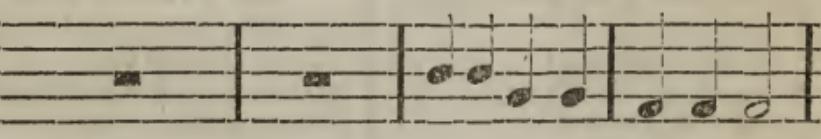
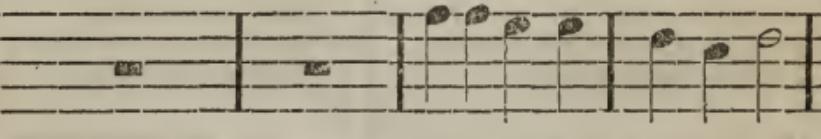
Sinner, stop! O stop and think, Nor onward dare to go;
Will you sport upon the brink Of everlasting woe!

Solo.

Chor.



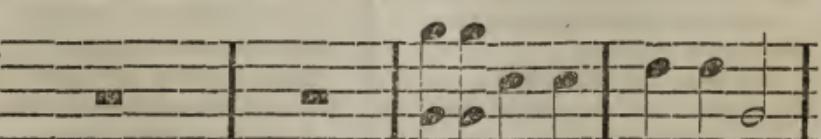
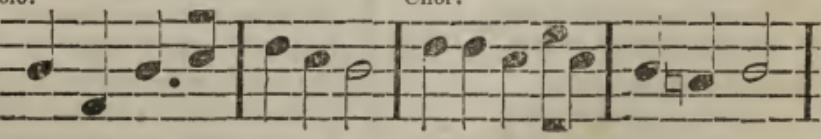
Chor.



On the verge of ruin stop; Now the timely warning take;

Solo.

Chor.



Chor.

Stay your footsteps e'er you drop
Soio. Chor.

burning lake, In - to the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes ?

3 Can you stand in that dread day
Which his Justice shall proclaim ;
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame ?

57. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Solo.

Come, ye dis - con - - solate, where'er ye lan-

guish, Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;

Duet.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,

Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure ;
Here speaks the Comforter in mercy saying—
Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above :
Come to the feast prepar'd—come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrows but Heav'n can remove.

Arranged as a Solo and Duet. This arrangement is intended for families, and for small praying circles : but is not suitable for choirs, where there is, in general, more talent, and better advantages for execution. Small notes sung in repeating.

58. INVITATION.

Solo.

3
#4

Come hither all ye weary souls, Ye
 heavy laden sinners come, I'll give you
 rest from all your toils, And raise you to my
 heav'nly home. They shall find rest that
 learn of me; I'm of a meek and lowly
 mind; But passion rages like the sea, And
 pride is restless as the wind.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Air and 2d Treble.

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's

coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll

down their golden sand; From many an ancient

river, From many a palmy plain, They call us

to de - - liver Their land from error's chain.

59. *Missionary Hymn.*

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone !

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name !

4 Waft, waft ye win'ls, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign .

60. *Psalm Ixxii.*

1 Hail to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is—Love.

RIVERSTON. C. M. D.

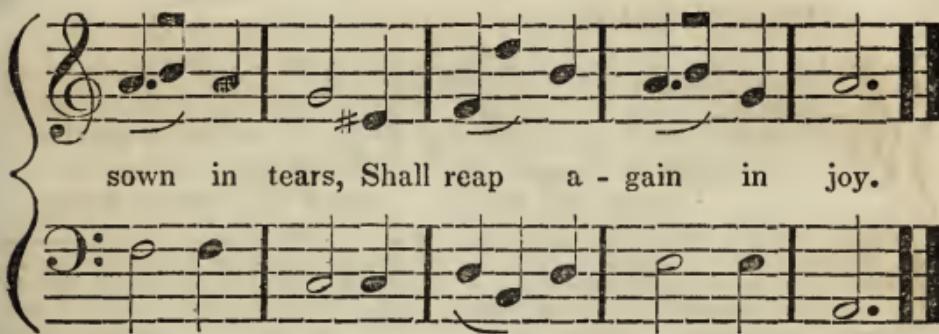
The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with two staves: Treble (G-clef) and Bass (F-clef). The key signature changes between systems. The first system starts in G major (no sharps or flats), then moves to E major (one sharp), then to A major (two sharps), and finally to D major (one sharp). The time signature also changes: it begins at 3/4, then shifts to 2/4, then to 3/4 again, and finally to 2/4. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first system contains the beginning of the song, mentioning "hour of hallow'd tears". The second system continues with "cease, And all be hush'd to rest; 'Tis". The third system begins with "then the soul is freed from fears, And doubts that". The fourth system concludes with "here an - noy: Then they that oft had".

There is an hour of hallow'd
 Where sighs and sorrowing tears shall

peace For those with cares opprest;
 cease, And all be hush'd to rest; 'Tis

then the soul is freed from fears, And doubts that

here an - noy: Then they that oft had



61. *They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.*

1 There is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares oppress, [cease,
Where sighs and sorrowing tears shall
And all be hush'd to rest :
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts that here annoy :
Then they that oft have sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

2 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more,
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore :
There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There, they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap eternal joy.

62. *Prospect of Heaven.*

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes !
Could we but climb where Moscs stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

63. *Happy in Death.*

1 Jesus ! the vision of thy face,
Hath overpowering charms !
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.

67. *Doxology.*

The God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

COURTVILLE.

Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay, Let each en-

raptur'd thought obey, And praise th' Almighty name :

Lo! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies, In one me-

lodious concert rise To swell th' inspiring theme.

65. General Praise.

- 1 Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty name :
Lo ! heav'n and earth and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heav'n of heavens, his vast abode—
Ye clouds proclaim your maker God ;
Ye thunders speak his power :
Lo ! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King :
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake all ye soaring throng and sing ;
Ye feather'd warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipt your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ :
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

66. Christian Enjoyment.

- 1 How happy shall thy children be,
Whose souls, O Lord, are drawn to thee,
Away from earthly care :
Between the mount and multitude,
Their days are spent in doing good ;
Their nights in praise and prayer.
- 2 They feel no melancholy void ;
No moment lingers unemployed,
While trav'ling here below :
Their weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve the Lord alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day
Glide imperceptibly [away],

'Too short to sing thy praise :
Too few they find the happy hours,
And long to join the heav'ly powers
In their exalted lays.

- 4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And holy, holy, holy ! cry,
A bright, harmonious throng,
They long thy praises to repeat,
Joyful to sing around thy seat,
The new, eternal song.

67. Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 O, could I speak the matchless worth,
O, could I sound the glories forth,
That in my Saviour shine ;
I'd soar and touch the heav'ly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes that are divine.
- 2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne :
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
- 3 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face ;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A bless'd eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

68. Foretaste of Heaven.

- 1 On Fisgah's top I now would stand,
Once more to view the promis'd land,
The land of thy abode ;
The land where fruits immortal grow,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Forth from the throne of God.
- 2 O, that my soul were fill'd with thee ;
With visions of thy majesty
And condescending love !
Then would its gilded pinions, Lord,
Be ready at the Master's word,
To take its flight above.

AH! TELL ME NO MORE.

Alto.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff (Alto) starts with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of common time (indicated by '2'). The second staff (Air) starts with a key signature of two flats and a time signature of common time (indicated by '4'). The third staff (Treble) starts with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of common time (indicated by '2'). The fourth staff (Treble) starts with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "Ah! tell me no more Of the worldling's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er." The second section of lyrics is: "Ah! tell me no more Of the worldling's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er."

69. *Heavenly Riches.*

- 1 Ah, tell me no more,
Of the worldling's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er!
- 2 A country I've found
Where true riches abound,
And songs of salvation for ever resound.
- 3 The souls that believe,
And pardon receive,
Are thitherward trav'ling for ever to live.
- 4 Then let us not stray
In the tempter's dark way ;
But follow our Saviour to regions of day.

70. *Blessings of the Gospel.*

- 1 O Jesus, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd, [word.]
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy Despise not the riches of glory on high.

71. **RETURN, O WANDERER.**

Solo. Affet.

Re - turn, O wand'rer, now return, And

seek thy Father's face ; Those new desires which

in thee burn, Were kindled by his grace.

- 2 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live ;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

- 3 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear ;
Thy Father calls ; no longer mourn ;
'Tis love invites thee near.

- 2 In spirit we trace
The wonders of grace ;
And joyful unite in a concert of praise.
- 3 Thrice-happy are they,
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.
- 4 This blessing is mine
Through favor divine,
But O, my Redeemer, the glory be thine.
- 5 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
In language of mercy, thro' Jesus the Lord.
- 6 The Ancient of Days,
His glory displays, [rays.
And shines on his chosen with cherishing
- 7 Ye sinners draw nigh !
O, why will ye die ?

CONFFLICT. S. M.

Air and 2d Treble. Allegro. Staccato.

My soul be on thy guard, Ten

thousand foes a - - - rise; The hosts of sin are

pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

72. Vigilance.

1 My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise :
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er :

Renew it boldly, day by day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thy armor down :
Thy ard'ous work will ne'er be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

73. *Conflict.*

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope, and be undismay'd ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 He shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 The Lord shall clear thy way ;
 Wait thou on him, and soon thy night
 Shall end in joyous day.

74. *Missionaries.*

- 1 Ye messengers of Christ,
 His sovereign voice obey ;
 Arise, and follow where he leads,
 And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve,
 Will needful aid bestow ;
 Depending on his promises,
 With sacred courage go.
- 3 Go, spread the Saviour's fame ;
 Go, tell his matchless grace ;
 Proclaim salvation full and free
 To Adam's ruin'd race.
- 4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
 And hills in vallies rise ;
 The cause is God's, and shall prevail
 Though hosts against him rise.

75. *Praise.*

- 1 Almighty maker, God !
 How wond'rous is thy name !
 Thy glories, how diffus'd abroad
 Through all creation's frame !
- 2 Nature, in ev'ry dress
 Her humble homage pays ;
 And does a thousand ways express
 Her undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing,
 Her great Creator too ;
 Fain would my tongue adore her king,
 And pay the homage due.

76. *James iv. 13, 14.*

- 1 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away ;
 O, make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.
- 2 Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Waken, by thy Almighty power,
 The aged and the young.
- 3 One thing demands our care—
 O, be it still pursu'd—
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renew'd.
- 4 To Jesus may we fly,
 Swift as the morning light,
 Lest life's young golden beam should die
 In sudden, endless night.
77. *The Saviour's Mission.*
- 1 Raise your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune ;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love
 Its chief Beloved chose,
 And bade him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears ;
 No terror clothe his brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardon down
 To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Ye sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offer'd peace.

PILGRIM'S HYMN.

Air and 2d Treble.

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a clef, key signature, and time signature. The first staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time (indicated by '3'). The second staff uses an alto clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time (indicated by '3'). The third staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time (indicated by '3'). The fourth staff uses an alto clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time (indicated by '3'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first line of lyrics is 'Children of the heav'nly King, As ye'. The second line is 'journey sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's'. The third line is 'worthy praise, Glorious in his works and'. The fourth line is 'ways, Glorious in his works and ways.'

78. *Pilgrim's Hymn.*

- 1 Children of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seats are now prepar'd ;
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land !
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you, undismay'd, go on !
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

79. *Redeeming Love.*

- 1 Now begin the heav'nly theme ;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin !
Now from bliss no longer rove :
Turn, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin opprest—
Welcome to his sacred rest :
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string ;
Mortals join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

80. *Ruth i. 16—19.*

- 1 People of the living God !
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found :
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren ! where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely, I no longer roam
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave :
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore—
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more ;
Every idol I resign !

81. *Self Consecration.*

- 1 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery ;
Thine we are, thou Son of God !
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 2 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine !
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
By the sons of earth and heav'n !

82. *Doxology.*

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love :
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

GROVELAND. L. M.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and common time (indicated by a '2' over a '4'). The bottom staff uses an alto clef and common time (indicated by a '3:' over a '4'). The lyrics are written below the notes, corresponding to the rhythm and pitch. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics describe a God of love who suffers with his people, particularly mentioning flowing tears and sighs.

The God of love will sure in-

dulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh; When

his own children fall a - - - round, When

tender friends and kindred die.

83. Weeping over departed saints

- 1 The God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh ;
When his own children fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious murmur'ring thought,
Should with our moving passions blend ;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' Almighty, ever-living friend.
- 3 Our father, God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our all ;
Fix'd on thy cov'nant love, and truth,
Our sinking souls shall never fall.

84. John vi. 67--69.

- 1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend !
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord !
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart ;
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comfort cheers my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
While thou art near in vain they call ;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

85. The bleeding Cross.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off 'ring far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

86. Physician of Souls.

- 1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made ?
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid—
The work exceeds her utmost pow'r.
- 2 And can no sov'reign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 3 There is a great Physician near ;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give !

87. Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 Come, weary souls, with sins distrest,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O, come, and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your w ~~X~~
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift, how free the grace !

BRIGHTNESS OF GLORY.

Air and 2d Treble.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a common time signature (indicated by '3') and a tempo marking of '♩ = 8'. The lyrics for this section are: 'Brightness of glory, thou God of the morning!'. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). It also features a common time signature (indicated by '3') and a tempo marking of '♩ = 8'. The lyrics for this section are: 'Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;'. The second section of the music begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a common time signature (indicated by '3') and a tempo marking of '♩ = 8'. The lyrics for this section are: 'Shine like the star, the ho - - - rizon a - - dorning;'. The bottom staff continues with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics for this section are: 'Guide where the infant Re - - deemer is laid.'

Guide where the infant Re - - deemer is laid.

88. *Star of the East.*

- 1 Brightness of glory, thou God of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Shine, like the star, the horizon adorning ;
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
Sages adore him in slumbers reclining :
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall they yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly they offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure,
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

89. *Zion Triumphant.*

- 1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
'Wake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
'Rise ! for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.'
- 2 Strong were thy foes ; but the arm that subdu'd them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far ;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursu'd them ;
Vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the Pow'r that hath sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be ;
Shout ! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

GENEVA.

2d Treble.

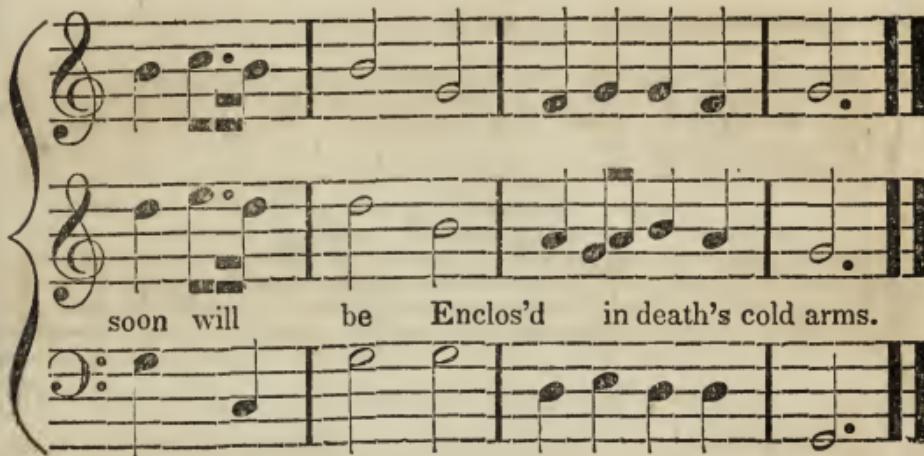
Air. 1. Time is winging us a - - - way To

:||: Life is but a winter's day, A

our eternal home :||:

journey to the tomb. Youth and vigor soon will

flee, Blooming beauty lose its charms : All that's mortal

90. *Flight of Time.*

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms :
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclos'd in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

91. *Christ and him Crucified.*

1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good ;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasure I forego ;
All thy wealth and all thy pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore ;
He relieves my grief and pain.
And bids we weep no more.

Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end ;
This is all our happiness,
On Jesus to depend—
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favor to abide :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

92. *Remember Calvary.*

1 Lamb of God whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind ;
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find ;
Think on us who think on thee ;
Ev'ry burden'd soul release :
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
Let sinners pardon feel ;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal :
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease ;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

JERUSALEM. C. M. D.

Je - - rasalem! Je - ru - salem! enthroned

once on high, Thou favor'd home of God on earth; thou

heav'n below the sky ! Now brought to bondage with thy

sons, a blighting curse to see: Je - ru - salem! Je-

ru - sal - em ! our tears shall flow for thee.

93. "He beheld the city and wept over it." Luke xix. 41, 42.

1 Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! enthroned once on high,

: 'Thou favor'd home of God on earth ; thou heav'n below the sky !

Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a blighting curse to see ;

Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! our tears shall flow for thee !

2 O, hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flock'd beneath the wing
Of Him who call'd thee lovingly, thine own anointed king ;

Then had the tribes of all the earth gone up thy bliss to see ;

And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free.

3 Thy day of grace is sunk in night ; thy time of mercy spent ;

For heavy was thy children's crime, and sore their punishment !

O ! might that day again return, and gild thy desert clime ;

Then wouldest thou seek thy Saviour's face, in that accepted time.

4 Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! the promised hour draws nigh,

When all thy woes shall have an end, in joy and victory !

Soon shall thy darkness dissipate ; thy Saviour thou shalt see ;

Glory shall dwell within thy gates, and all thy sons be free.

94. The Heavenly City.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home ! name ever dear to me !

When shall my labors have an end, in joy and peace in thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heav'n built walls, and pearly gates behold

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, and streets of shining gold.

2 O, when, thou city of my God ! shall I thy courts ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths never end ?

Why should I shrink at pain and woe, or feel at death dismay ?

Jerusalem I soon shall view, in realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there around my Saviour stand,

And soon my friends in Christ below will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home ! my soul still pants for thee ;

There shall my labors have an end when I thy joys shall see.

95. THERE IS A HARP. L. M.

The musical score consists of four systems of notation, each with two staves: Treble (G-clef) and Bass (F-clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (indicated by '2').

System 1: The lyrics are "There is a harp whose thrilling sound Swells through the choir of heav'n a - - bove :". The melody starts with a half note on the G-clef staff, followed by eighth notes and sixteenth-note patterns.

System 2: The lyrics continue with "'Mid the blue arch the notes re - sound, Whie". The melody features eighth and sixteenth notes, with some grace notes indicated by small stems.

System 3: The lyrics end with "angels catch the song of love.". The melody concludes with a final cadence on the G-clef staff.

2 'Tis when beyond this vale of tears,
A sainted spirit wings its way :
And pure before the throne appears,
In robes of bright, ethereal day.

3 Hark ! the glad shout of sacred joy,
In choral numbers, loud and long :
Th' angelic host their harps employ
And hallelujah's swell the song.

CHORUS, at the close of the song.

Halle - lujah, halle - lujah! our Redeemer shall

reign for ever and ever! halle - lujah! amen!

96. *Triumphant Death.*

Sweet is the scene where Christians die,
Where holy souls retire to rest :
How mildly beams the closing eye !
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fann'd by some guardian angel's wing :
O grave ! where is thy vict'ry now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting !

97. *Reign of Christ on Earth.*

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Blessings abound where'er he reigns :
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blest.

3 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

SWEET WAS THE TIME. C. M.

Sweet was the time when first I
felt The Saviour's pard'n'g blood
Ap - - pli'd to cleanse my soul from
guilt, And bring me home to God.

98. *Job xxix. 2.*

- 1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Appl'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the evening shade prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word
I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail ;
Let me that mercy share.

99. *Meditation.*

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

100. *Devotional Retreat.*

- 1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 Then, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She there communes with God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

101. *The Request.*

- 1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :—
- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 " Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

NEWBURY. H. M.

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The time signature is 2/4 throughout. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff contains the beginning of the song, starting with "O Zion, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on". The second staff continues with "high! Tell all the world thy joys, And shout salvation". The third staff begins with "nigh: Cheerful in God, A - - rise and". The fourth staff concludes the melody with "shine, While rays divine Stream all a - broad."

O Zion, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on

high! Tell all the world thy joys, And shout salvation

nigh: Cheerful in God, A - - rise and

shine, While rays divine Stream all a - broad.

102. *Triumphs of the Gospel.*

1 O, Zion, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams which cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace:
He pours around thy head:
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new,
Divin ely crown'd.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise
Till sovereign love
In worlds above
Thy glory raise.

103. *Resurrection of Christ.*

1 Yes, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead:
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conquering head:
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

104. 2 *Corinthians ii. 15, 16.*

1 Praise to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide!
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breath'd on every side:
Balmy and rich
The odors rise,
And fill the earth,
And reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel—and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:
They breathe anew,
And rise and sing
Jesus, the Lord,
Their conqu'ring King.

OLIVET. S. M.

Slow.

Is this the kind re - turn, Are these the

thanks we owe ; Thus to abuse Eter - nal Love, Whence

all our blessings flow, Whence all our blessings flow?

105. Ingratitude Lamented.

- 1 Is this the kind return ;
Are these the thanks we owe ;
Thus to abuse Eternal Love,
Whence all our blessings flow ?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind !
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !

- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ! [stone,
Break, Sovereign Grace, these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh !
- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

106. *Weeping Penitence.*

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep ;
And shall our tears be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
The wond'ring angels see !
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul !
He shed those tears for thee !

107. *Rest for the Weary.*

- 1 O, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul !
'Twere vain the ocean's depth's to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.

108. *Christ our Light.*

- 1 How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise !
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven ;
But, in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways ;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of Hell agree
To hold our souls in vain ;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thy atoning blood.

109. *A coming Judgment.*

- 1 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n, before the Judge,
Astonish'd shrink away !
- 2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread !
- 3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled :
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

110. *Importunity.*

- 1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain ;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry ;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in pray'r ;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

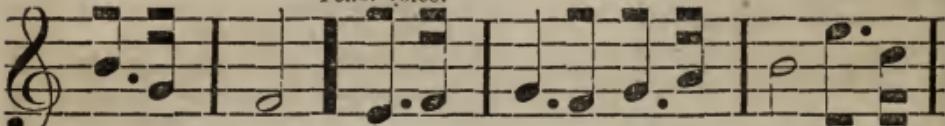
DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

Treble voice. Andante.



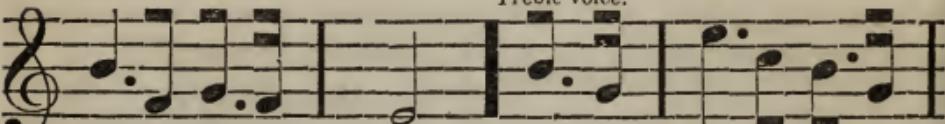
Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of
promise are ; Trav'ller, o'er yon mountain's height, See that

Tenor voice.



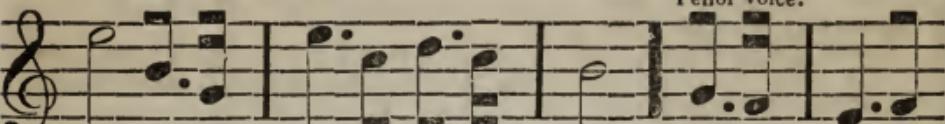
promise are ; Trav'ller, o'er yon mountain's height, See that

Treble voice.



glory beaming star ! Watchman ! does its beauteous

Tenor voice.



ray Aught of hope or joy foretell ? Trav'ller ! yes ; it



brings the day—Promis'd day of Is - ra - - - el !

111. "*Watchman ! what of the night ?*"

1 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are !
Trav'ller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star !
Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Trav'ller ! yes ; it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel !

2 Watchman ! tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends :
Trav'ller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends !

Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Trav'ller ! ages are its own,
See ! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn :
Trav'ller ! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn !
Watchman ! let thy wandering cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home :
Trav'ller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo ! the Son of God is come !

Chorus to the 1st and 2d stanzas.

Air and 2d Treble.

Trav'ller ! yes ; it brings the day— Promis'd day of Isra - el !
Trav'ller ! ages are its own : See ! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Chorus to 3d stanza.

Trav'ller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace, Lo ! the Son of

God is come ! Lo ! the Son of God is come !

THE PROMISES.

Alto. Allegro. Staccato.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word.
What more could his mercy and goodness have

said To those who for refuge to Jesus have fled.

112. *The Promises.*

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word :
What more could his mercy and goodness have said,
To those who for refuge to Jesus have fled ?
- 2 Fear not, he is with thee, O, be not dismay'd :
For he is thy God, and will give thee his aid :
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by his gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er overflow ;
His presence shall guide thee, his mercy shall bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace all-sufficient shall lend thee its aid ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; He does but design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 His people, through life, shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love :
And when age with gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne.
- 6 The soul on his bosom that leans for repose,
Is safe from th' assaults of its bitterest foes :
That soul—though all Hell should in tumult awake,
He'll never—ne never—ne never forsake.

HAPPY SOUL.

Air and 2d Treble.

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a clef, key signature, and time signature. The first staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time (indicated by '3'). The second staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time (indicated by '3:3'). The third staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time (indicated by '4'). The fourth staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time (indicated by '3:'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a two-line font. The first line of lyrics is 'Happy soul thy days are ended, All thy mourning'. The second line is 'days be - - low; Go, by angel guards attend - - ed,'. The third line is 'To the sight of Jesus go. Waiting to receive thy'. The fourth line is 'spirit Lo! the Saviour stands a - - bove; Shows the'.

fulness of his merit; Reaches out the crown of love.

113. *Dying Saint.*

- 1 Happy soul, thy days are ending,
All thy mourning days below ;
Go, by angel guards attending,
To the sight of Jesus, go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
See, the Saviour stands above ;
Shows the fulness of his merit ;
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live a life of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign :
Struggle through thy latest passion
To the dear Redeemer's breast ;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

114. *Weep not for departed saints.*

- 1 O, ye mourners ! cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love :
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
En'er not the world above.
While in darkness ye are straying,
Lonely, in the deep'ning shade ;
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- 2 O, ye mourners ! cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those ye love ;
Far remov'd from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns of love :
Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

115. *Matthew xvi. 24.*

- 1 Jesus, I my crss have taken,
All to leave and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shall be.
Let the world neglect and leave me :
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hopes have oft deceiv'd me :
Thou art faithful, thou art true.
- 2 Perish earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain ;
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor life is gain.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see ;
O, 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

116. *Happiness only in God.*

- 1 Tell me, wand'rer, wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace .
Pleasure's false enchantment loving—
When will thy delusions cease,
Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
I could kneel at pleasure's shrine,
Then my brightest hopes were bounded
By delights as false as thine.
- 2 But those visions never bless'd me,
Soon their fleeting day was o'er ;
Then the world that had caress'd me,
Charm'd me with its smiles no more.
Such is pleasure's transient story :
Lasting happiness is known,
Only in the path to glory—
In the Sa viour's love alone.

HARTFORD.

Gracious Spirit! Love divine! Let thy

light within me shine; All my guilty fears re-

move, Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

117. *Invocation.*

1 Gracious Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way:
Fill my soul with joy divine:
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

MORAVIAN HYMN. C. M. D.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my hope to shame,
Or let my soul be lost.

to de - fend his cause;
glory of his cross.
let my soul be lost.
Je - sus, my God! I
know his name, His name is all my trust. D.C.

118. *Not ashamed of Christ.*

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my hope to shame,
Or let my soul be lost.

2 Firm as his throne his promise stands;
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour:
Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HAVERHILL. S. M.

Tenor.

The musical score consists of three systems of music for tenor voice, arranged in three staves. The first system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of $\frac{3}{4}$. The lyrics for this section are: "Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let thy bright". The second system begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of $\frac{3}{4}$. The lyrics for this section are: "beams a - rise; Dis - pel the". The third system continues with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of $\frac{3}{4}$. The lyrics for this section are: "from our minds, The darkness from our eyes."

3
4

Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let thy bright

3
4

beams a - rise; Dis - pel the

3
4

from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

119. *Invocation.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

4 Revive our drooping faith ;
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

120. *Prayer for the Spirit.*

1 Come, gracious Spirit, come
With energy divine ;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 O, melt this frozen heart ;
This stubborn will subdue ;
These evil passions overcome,
And form my soul anew.

3 Mine will the blessing be ;
But thine be all the praise ;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

121. *Prayer for the Spirit.*

1 O, Comforter divine !
Let beams of heav'nly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
To raise our souls above.

2 By thy inspiring breath
Make ev'ry cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear.

122. *Presence of the Saviour.*

1 When gloomy doubts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade—

2 Thy presence can assuage
The tempest of the soul :
The billows, Lord, shall cease to rage,
At thy divine control.

3 Through life's bewilder'd way,
Thy hand unerring leads ;
While o'er the path, full many a ray
Its cheering lustre sheds.

4 Where reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
There, blest Supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thy aid.

5 O let me feel that pow'r,
And find the sweet relief ;
To cheer my ev'ry gloomy hour,
And calm my ev'ry grief.

123. *Death of sin by the Cross.*

1 Shall we go on in sin,
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds ?

2 Forbid it, mighty God !
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucifi'd,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free ;
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

124. *Doxology.*

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

CHELMSFORD. C. M.

O, how can praise my tongue employ, While
darkness reigns with - in ? How can my soul ex-
ult for joy, Which feels this load of sin.

125. *In darkness.*

1 O, how can praise my tongue employ,
While darkness reigns within ?
How can my soul exult for joy,
Which feels this load of sin ?

2 If falling tears and rising sighs
In triumph share a part ;
Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,
And search this bleeding heart.

3 My soul forgets to use her wings ;
My harp neglected lies ;
For sin has broken all its strings,
And guilt shuts up my joys.

4 The pow'r, the sweetness of thy voice
Alone my heart can move ;
Make me in Christ, my Lord, rejoice,
And melt my soul to love.

126. *Adoption.*

- 1 My God, my Father, blissful name !
O, may I call thee mine !
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine !
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly :
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I cheerfully resign ;
Lord, thou art good and just and wise !
O, bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O, give me strength to bear ;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

127. *Light of God's countenance.*

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights :
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss ;
When Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

128. *Prayer for Repentance.*

- 1 O, for that tenderness of heart
That bows before the Lord !
That owns how just and good thou art ;
And trembles at thy word.
- 2 O, for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow !
That sense of guilt which trembling fears
The long suspended blow.

- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress ;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.
- 4 O, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will :
Raise my desires and hopes above ;
Thyself to me reveal.

129. *Self Crimination.*

- 1 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 2 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll !
- 3 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- 4 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

130. *Asking for Grace.*

- 1 Alas, what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heav'n, O, let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 O Lord, increase my faith and hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 3 O, keep me in thy heav'ny way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

ROCK OF AGES.

Air and 2d Treble.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff uses an alto clef (C-clef) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (indicated by '3'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "Rock of Ages cleft for me, Let me D. C. Be of sin the perfect cure; Save me, hide myself in thee; Let the water and the Lord, and make me pure." The second section continues: "blood, From thy wounded side that flow"

131. *Christ, the Rock of Ages.*

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure ;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow ;
Should my zeal no languor know ;
This for sin could not atone :

Thou must save, and thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

ELLIOTT.

2
Softly now the light of day Fades
upon my sight away: Free from care, from
la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

132. Evening Song.

- 1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.
- 2 Soon for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

133. Morning Song.

- 1 Thou, O Lord, didst hear my cry ;
Thy protecting hand was nigh ;
Peaceful slumbers thou didst shed,
O'er my weary, drooping head.
- 2 Gently with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display ;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

134. EVENING SONG.

Alto.

Air. Dolce.

God of evening and of morning, Great Source of all!
While our hearts with love are burning, Prostrate we fall:

Now thy sacred throne addressing, And our follies

all confessing, We entreat a Father's blessing;

Lord, hear our call, Lord, hear our call.

2 Thou that rulest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May thine angel guards defend us ;
Slumber sweet, thy mercy send us ;
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night.

3 Object of our souls' devotion,
Thee we adore ;
Fill our hearts with sweet emotion,
This sacred hour ;
Jesus, Master, thou art worthy ;
All the heav'nly host adore thee ;
Saints shall cast their crowns before thee,
Now, and evermore.

THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.

The voice of free grace cries "Escape to the mountain!" For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a

A musical score for two voices. The top voice (treble clef) has a continuous eighth-note pattern. The bottom voice (bass clef) has a steady quarter-note pulse. The lyrics are: "fountain ; For sin and uncleanness—for ev'ry trans-

The top voice continues its eighth-note pattern. The bottom voice provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "gression, His blood flows most freely, in streams of sal-

The top voice continues its eighth-note pattern. The bottom voice provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "vation, His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation."

CHORUS.

The top voice begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The bottom voice provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "Halle - lujah to the Lamb! he hath purchas'd our

pardon ; We'll praise him a - gain when we pass over

Jordan, We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

135. Free Grace.

1 The voice of free grace cries "Escape to the mountain,"
For Adam's lost race, Christ hath open'd a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness—for ev'ry transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb ! he hath purchas'd our pardon ;
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

Souls that are wounded, O, flee to the Saviour !
Alls you in mercy ; 'tis infinite favor !
Your sins are increasing ; escape to the mountain—
His blood can remove them, which flows from the fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb ! he hath purchas'd our pardon ;
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

3 O, Jesus ride on, triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more than victorious ;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb ! he hath purchas'd our pardon ;
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

This tune has, in some respects, a secular origin ; but having been written as a song of wailing for the dead, the association will be found sufficiently in character.

LET EV'RY CREATURE JOIN. S. M.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in 6/8 time, treble clef, and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The score is divided into four sections by large brace symbols.

Section 1: Let ev'ry creature join To
piano part: piano part

Section 2: praise th' Eternal God; Ye heav'nly host the
piano part: piano part

Section 3: song begin, Ye heav'nly host the song be
piano part: piano part

Section 4: gin, And sound his name a - broad.
piano part: piano part

136. *Praise.*

- 1 Let every creature join
To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hosts the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 By all his works above,
His honors be prest ;
But saints, that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

137. *Birth of Christ.*

- 1 Behold the grace appear !
The blessing promis'd long :
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In their triumphant song.
- 2 "Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth ;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."
- 3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues ;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs.
- 4 "Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth ;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

138. *The Saviour's Birth.*

- 1 We come with joyful song
To hail the happy morn ;
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born."

2 What transports doth his name
To angels now afford !
His glorious titles they proclaim—
"A Saviour, Christ, the Lord."

3 Glory to God on high !
We hail the happy morn ;
We join the chorus of the sky,
And sing—the Saviour's born.

139. *Christian Unity.*

- 1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Thus will the Church below,
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow.
And ev'ry heart is love.

140. *A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 Serene, I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near !
- 2 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame ;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am ?
- 3 O how shall I repay
The bounties of my God ?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

CONVOCATION.

2d Treble.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G major (two sharps) and common time, with a tempo marking of "Allegro. Staccato.". The middle staff is also in G major (two sharps). The bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "Blow ye the trumpet! blow The gladly solemn sound, Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound, The year of jubi - lee is come -- Re-".

Blow ye the trumpet! blow The gladly solemn sound, Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound, The year of jubi - lee is come -- Re-

bound, The year of jubi - lee is come --

turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home,
Re - turn, ye ransom'd

Variation of the first line for the 2d, 3d, and 4th stanzas.

sinners home. Ex - - alt the Lamb of God, &c.

141. Convocation.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim ;
The year, &c.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;

And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year, &c.
4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year, &c.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad !
The year, &c.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of

Cal - vary ; Saviour di - vine ! Now hear me

while I pray ; Take all my guilt away ; O,

let me from this day Be wholly thine.

142. *Self Consecration.*

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary ;
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll ;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove :
O, bear me safe above—
A ransom'd soul.

143. *Worthy the Lamb.*

- 1 "Glory to God on high!"
Let heav'n and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrow's bore ;
Sing aloud evermore—
"Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Ye who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name :

His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing aloud evermore
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join all ye ransom'd race
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye his name :
On him we fix our choice,
In him we will rejoice,
Shouting with heart and voice—
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we close our race,
Yet will we never cease,
Praising his name :
But as we upward wing,
Hail him our gracious king,
And through the heavens sing—
"Worthy the Lamb."

144. *Invocation.*

- 1 Come thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.
- 2 Come thou incarnate Word,
Jesus, our glorious Lord,
Our pray'r attend :
Come, and thy people bless,
Come, give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour :
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r.

BRAINARD.

Ac - quaint thyself quickly, O

sinner, with God, And joy, like the sunshine, will

beam on thy road; And peace, like the

dew drops shall fall on thy head, And

145. *Job xxii. 21.*

"Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace : thereby good shall come unto thee."

- 1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road ;
And peace, like the dew drops, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad ;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path ;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

146. *Delay not.*

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near !
The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God ?
A fountain is open'd, how can'st thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood.
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day ;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight ;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade ;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand ;
What pow'r then, O sinner ! shall lend thee its aid !

ADVENT.

2d Treble.

Hark ! that shout of rapt'rous joy, Bursting forth from
 :||: Jesus comes, and thro' the sky Angels tell their

yonder cloud ! :||:
 joy aloud. Hark ! the trumpet's awful voice

Sounds abroad thro' sea and land ! Let his people

now rejoice, Their redemption is at hand.

147. *Chris's Second Advent.*

- 1 Hark ! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud !
Jesus comes, and through the sky
Angels tell their joy aloud.
Hark, the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land !
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.
- 2 See ! the Lord appears in view ;
Heav'n and earth before him fly !
Rise, ye saints ! he comes for you ;
Rise to meet him in the sky.
Go and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest ;
Happy in the Saviour's love !
Ever blessing, ever blest.

148. *Christ's Ascension.*

- 1 "Wide ye heav'nly gates unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin ;
Now the conq'ring Lord behold !
Let the King of glory in."
Hark, th' angelic host inquire
"Who is he, th' Almighty King ?"
Hark again, the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing.
- 2 "He whose pow'rful arm alone,
On his foes destruction hurl'd ;
He who hath the vict'ry won,
He who sav'd a ruin'd world ;

He who God's pure law fulfill'd,
Jesus, the incarnate Word ;
He whose truth with blood was seal'd ;
He is heav'n's all glorious Lord.

149. *The three Mounts.*

- 1 When on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirits sink with awe.
When in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 2 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
Here I would for ever stay ;
Weep, and gaze my soul away.
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

150. *Psalm lxvii.*

On thy Church, O, Pow'r divine !
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star.
Then shall God with bounteous hand
Scatter blessings o'er the land ;
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

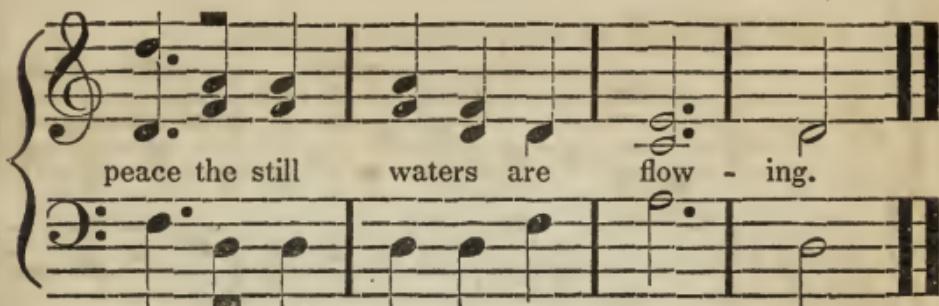
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with two staves: Treble (G-clef) and Bass (F-clef). The key signature is $\# \frac{3}{4}$. The time signature changes to $\frac{2}{4}$ for the first measure of each system. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in each system.

System 1: The Lord is my Shepherd; he
makes me repose Where the pastures in

System 2: beauty are grow - ing; He leads me

System 3: a - - far from the world and its woes, Where in

151. *Psalm XXV.*

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd ; he makes me repose
 Where the pastures in beauty are growing ;
 He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
 Where in peace the still waters are flowing.
- 2 He strengthens my spirit, he shews me the path
 Where the arms of his love shall enfold me ;
 And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
 His rod and his staff will uphold me !

152. *Solomon's Songs i. 7, 8.*

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon ; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions ?
 If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents."

- 1 O tell me, thou life and delight of my soul,
 Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding ;
 I seek thy protection, I need thy control ;
 I would go where my shepherd is leading.
- 2 O, tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
 Where the noon-tide will find them reposing ?
 The tempest now rages, my soul is distrest,
 And the pathway of peace I am losing.
- 3 O, why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
 Mid the desert where now they art roving,
 Where hunger and thirst, where afflictions and woes,
 And temptations their ruin are proving ?
- 4 O, when shall my woes and my wanderings cease ?
 And the follies that fill me with weeping !
 Thou Shepherd of Israel ! restore me that peace
 Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.
- 5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return
 By the way where the foot-prints are lying :
 No longer to wander, no longer to mourn ;
 O, fair one ! now homeward be flying !

PROSPECT.

2d Treble. Slow.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of common time (indicated by a '6' over a '8'). The first system contains four measures of music. The second system contains four measures of music. The third system contains four measures of music. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in three distinct sections. The first section starts with 'Look, ye saints, the day is breaking; Joyful times are'. The second section starts with 'near at hand; God, the mighty God, is speaking'. The third section starts with 'By his word, in ev'ry land; Day ad - vances,'.

Look, ye saints, the day is breaking;
Joyful times are

near at hand; God, the mighty God, is speaking

By his word, in ev'ry land; Day ad - vances,

Day advances, Darkness flies at his command.

153. *Dawning of the latter day.*

1 Look, ye saints, the day is breaking ;
Joyful times are near at hand ;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word, in ev'ry land :
 Day advances,
 Darkness flies at his command.

2 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy pow'r ;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world for evermore ;
 Theu shall idols
 Perish while thy saints adore.

154. *The Judgment.*

1 Day of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 At his call, the dead awaken
From the earth, and from the sea ;
Lo ! the pow'rs of nature shaken !
Earth and heav'n flee away !
 Careless sinner
 What will then become of thee !

155. *The Judgment.*

1 Lo ! he comes, in clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain ;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty :
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree :
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away,
All who hate him, must confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day :
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away.

4 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air !
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear.

BETHLEHEM. L. M.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with two staves: treble and bass. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The bass staff includes a basso continuo part with a cello-like line and a keyboard line below it, indicated by a small 'C' with a 'b' underneath. The vocal parts are in common time, indicated by a 'C' above the staff. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a clear, sans-serif font.

Arm of the Lord, awake, a - wake ! Put
 on thy strength, the nations shake ; And let the world, a -
 doring, see Triumphs of mercy wrought by
 thee. [3d ver.] Al - mighty, God thy grace, &c.

156. *Triumph of the Gospel.*

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !
Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
I am Jehovah—God alone !
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In ev'ry land of ev'ry name ;
Let Zion's time of favor come :
O bring the tribes of Israel home.
- 4 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !
Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
Let hostile pow'rs before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all !

157. *Christian Race.*

- 1 Awake our souls, away our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

158. *Triumph of Truth.*

- 1 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God who justifies their souls ;
And mercy like a mighty stream
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead ;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.
- 3 He lives ! he lives ! and sits above,
For ever interceding there ;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or who shall tempt us to despair !
- 4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness !
He that hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conq'rers too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in a dying hour ;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor shall we sink with such a prop.

159. *Warfare.*

- 1 Stand up, my soul ! shake off thy fear !
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to his cross,
And sung the triumph as he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Pass forward to the heav'nly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conq'rers wait.

160. *Christ's reign on earth.*

- 1 Now let the angels sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky ;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God ! thy pow'r assume,
Who wast and art and art to come ;
Jesus, the Lamb that once was slain,
For ever live—for ever reign.

RESPONSE.

2d Treble.

Affet. 1st Sem. Chor.

Zion dreary and in anguish, 'Mid the

2d Sem. Chor.

desert hast thou stray'd? O, thou weary, cease to

CHORUS.

languish: Jesus shall lift up thy head. O thou

weary, cease to languish : Jesus shall lift up thy head.

161. *Zion Comforted.*

1 Zion dreary
And in anguish,
'Mid the desert hast thou strayed?
O, thou weary
Cease to languish ;
Jesus shall lift up thy head.
O, thou weary, &c.

2 Still lamenting
And bemoaning,
Mid thy follies, and thy woes !
Soon repenting,
And returning,
All thy solitude shall close.
Soon repenting, &c.

3 Though benighted
And forsaken,
Though afflicted and distress'd ;
His Almighty
Arm shall waken ;
Zion's King shall give thee rest.
His Almighty, &c.

4 Cease thy sadness
Unbelieving ;
Soon his glory shalt thou see !
Joy and gladness,
And thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody.
Joy and gladness, &c.

162. *Prayer for Forgiveness.*

1 Saviour hear us
Through thy merit,
Lowly bending at thy feet :
O, draw near us
By thy Spirit,
Prostrate at the mercy seat.
O, draw near us, &c.

2 Wretched, sinful,
And unworthy ;
Sick, and poor, and deaf, and blind :
Oft unmindful
While before thee,
Of our need of such a Friend.
Oft unmindful, &c.

3 O, how precious
Is the favor
Of forgiveness through thy blood :
Come thou gracious,
Bleeding Saviour,
Be our advocate with God.
Come thou gracious, &c.

4 For the joys
Of thy salvation,
Still we raise our cries to thee ;
Hear the voice
Of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.
Hear the voice, &c.

JUDEA.

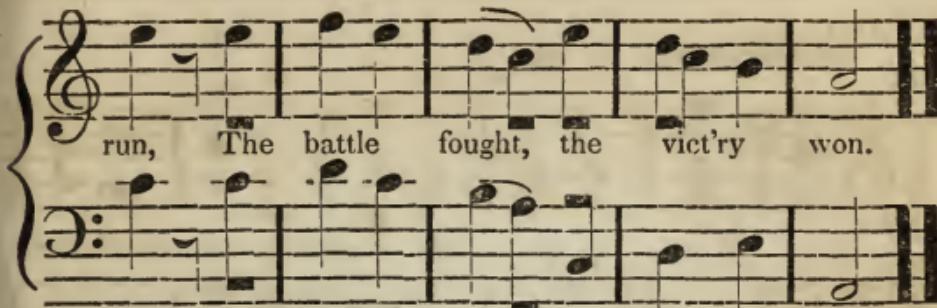
2
 4 'Tis fin - ish'd ! 'Tis fin-

2
 4

ish'd, Só the Saviour cried ; And

meckly bow'd his head and died ;

'Tis finish'd ; yes, the race is

163. *The Crucifixion.*

- 1 'Tis finish'd ! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head, and died ;
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—this, my dying groan
Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone :
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this my last expiring breath.

164. *Agony in the Garden.*

- 1 'Tis midnight—and on Olives' brow
The star is dim'd, that lately shone ;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;
E'en the disciple that he loves,
Heeds not his Master's griefs and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt,
The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—from the heav'nly plains
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

165. *Influence of the Spirit.*

- 1 Dear Saviour—shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine ?
Unworthy dwelling ! glorious guest !
Favor astonishing, divine !

2 Dear Saviour—in this aching heart
Reveal the fulness of thy love ;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

166. *Forgive us, as we forgive.*

- 1 Forgive us, Lord, to thee we cry :
Forgive us through thy matchless grace :
On thee alone, our souls rely ;
Be thou our strength and righteousness.
- 2 Forgive us, as we now forgive
The ills we suffer from our foes ;
Restore us, Lord, and bid us live,
O, bid us in thine arms repose.
- 3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great,
Our wretched souls no merit claim ;
For sovereign mercy still we wait,
And ask but in the Saviour's name.
- 4 Forgive us, O, thou bleeding Lamb !
Thou risen, thou exalted Lord !
Thou great High Priest, our souls redeem,
And speak the pardon-sealing word.

167. *Inconstancy.*

- 1 Ah wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart ;
Thus fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.
- 2 O, Jesus ! now I would return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn ;
Here let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

NORFOLK. C. M.

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature varies between common time (indicated by 'C') and 2/4 time (indicated by '2'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The third staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The fourth staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes.

There is a voice of sovereign grace Sounds
from the sacred word: "Ho! ye des-
pairing sinners come, And trust th' aton - ing
Lord, And trust th' a - ton - ing Lord.

168. *Coming to Christ.*

- 1 There is a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word ;
" Ho ! ye despairing sinners come,
And trust th' atoning Lord."
- 2 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Help thou my unbelief.
- 3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here I would cleanse my guilty soul
From sins of deepest dye.
- 4 A sinful, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength, my righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

169. *Immediate Repentance.*

- 1 Repent, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay ;
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets the wrathful day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
He sends his messengers abroad,
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Ye sinners in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar ;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to vengeance there.
- 5 O listen to the Saviour's call,
While he prolongs your days ;
Now yield your hearts, and prostrate fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

170. *Grace.*

- 1 Amazing grace ! how sweet the sound
That sav'd a soul like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear ;
'Twas grace my fears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd !
- 3 Full many a danger, toil, and snare,
My soul has overcome ;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease ;
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

171. *The Bible.*

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O, may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

WHILE LIFE PROLONGS. L. M.

While life prolongs its precious

light, Mercy is found, and peace is

giv'n; But soon, ah! soon! ap - proaching

night Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.

172. *Psalm lxxxviii.*

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found, and peace is giv'n ;
But soon, ah ! soon ! approaching night
 Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.
- 2 While God invites, how bless'd the day !
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
" Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God he's found."
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave ;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
 No Sabbath's heav'ly light shall rise ;
No God regard your bitter prayer ;
 Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

173. *Death and burial of saints.*

- 1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
 To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade the bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son [bed !
 Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless'd the
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, & pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
 Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

174. *Psalm li.*

- 1 Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
 Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?

- 2 O, wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 3 Should sudden vengeance sieze my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just, in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

175. *Prayer for the Millennium.*

- 1 Jesus, we bow before thy throne ;
 We lift our eyes to seek thy face ;
To bleeding hearts thy love make known ;
 On contrite souls bestow thy grace.
- 2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
 A world o'erwhelm'd in guilt and tears,
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
 And no kind voice dispels their fears.
- 3 Lord, arm thy truth with pow'r divine ;
 Its conquests spread from shore to shore,
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
 And earth and skies shall be no more.
- 4 O rise, ye ransom'd captives rise,
 Peal the loud anthem here below ;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
 And heav'n with newborn rapture glow.

176. *Warning.*

- 1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within
 Oft whisper'd to thy inmost soul ;
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control.
- 2 Sinner, it was a heav'ly voice,
 It was the Spirit's gracious call :
It bade thee make the happy choice,
 And take the Saviour for thy all.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

2d Treble.

To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'fers come;
O, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam.

To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'fers come;
O, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam.

177. To-day.

1 To-day the Saviour calls !

Ye wand'fers come ;

O, ye benighted souls,

Why longer roam.

2 To-day the Saviour calls !

O, listen now :

Within these sacred walls

To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls !

For refuge fly ;

The storm of vengeance falls ;

Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day !

Yield to his pow'r :

O, grieve him not away ;

'Tis mercy's hour.

CALVARY.

Come to Calv'ry's ho - ly mountain, Sinners ruin'd
Here a pure and healing fountain Flows for ev'

by the fall,
guilty soul, In a full, per - petual tide;

Open'd when the Saviour died.

178. *A Fountain Opened.*

1 Come to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall ;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows for ev'ry guilty soul,
In a full, perpetual tide ;
Open'd when the Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
Here the guilty seek remission,

Here the troubled refuge find :
Health this fountain will restore ;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live for ever ;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood :
God is faithful ; he will never
Break his cov'nant, seal'd in blood :
Sign'd when our Redeemer died—
Seal'd when he was glorifi'd.

179. GOSPEL BANNER.

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of common time (indicated by a '2'). The first staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The third staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The fourth staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes.

Now be the gospel banner In ev'ry land un-

furl'd; And be the shout ho - sanna Re-

echo'd thro' the world : Till ev'ry isle and

nation, Till ev'ry tribe and tongue, Receive the

great sal - vation, And join the happy throng.

CHORUS for each stanza.

Now be the gospel banner In ev'ry land unfurl'd;

And be the shout ho - sanna Re - echo'd thro' the world.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor
Each ransom'd captive sings:

The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and vallies greeting,
The song responsive raise.

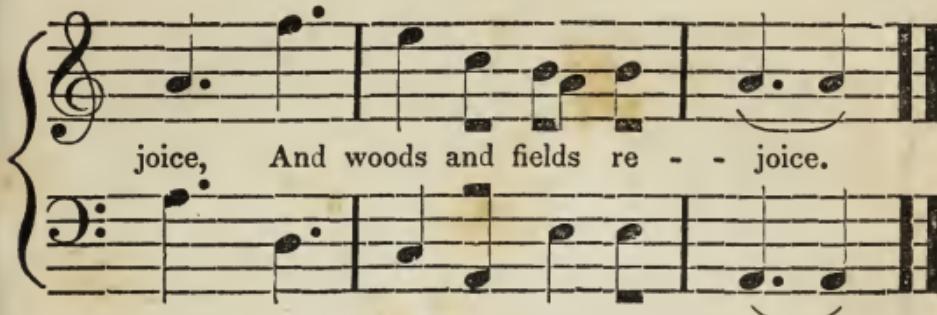
SPRING. C. M. D.

While beauty clothes the fertile vale, And ev'ry gale, How

blossoms on the spray;
sweet the vernal day:
Hark! how the feather'd

warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft

music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields re-

180. *Spring.*

1 While beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale—
How sweet the vernal day :
Hark ! how the feather'd warblers sing !
'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

2 How kind the influence of the skies,
While show'rs, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought :
O, let my wond'ring heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless
Each smiling field and grove.

3 That hand in this hard heart of mine
Can bid each virtue live ;
While gentle show'rs of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give :
O, God of nature, God of grace,
Thy heav'nly gifts impart ;
And bid sweet meditation trace
Spring blooming in my heart.

181. *Spring Spiritualized.*

1 At length the op'ning spring is come,
How joyous is the scene !
The air is fill'd with rich perfume ;
The fields are dress'd in green :
I see my Saviour, from on high,
Break through the clouds and shine ;
No creature now more bless'd than I,
No heart more glad than mine.

2 Thy word bids all my hopes revive,
It overcomes my foes ;
It makes my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose :
Thus, Lord, a monument I stand,
Of what thy grace can do ;
Still guide me with thy gentle hand,
The changing seasons through.

182. *The Seasons.*

1 The Lord is good ; the heav'nly King
Still makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear :
The times and seasons, days and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The Author is divine.

2 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring ;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And all the lab'lers sing :
The varying months thy goodness crowns
How beauteous are thy ways :
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

183. *Harvest.*

To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs ;
He calls, and at his voice, come forth
The smiling harvest hours :
His cov'nant with the earth he keeps ;
My tongue his goodness sing ;
Summer and winter know their time
The harvest crowns the spring.

184. RETURN.

Mod. Dolce.

Pia.

Cres.

3 4

Return, O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy

3 4

For.

Dim.

Father calls for thee; No longer

now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and

Pia.

mise - - ry: Return, Re - turn!

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee :
 The Spirit and the Bride say—come :
 O, now for refuge flee :
 Return, return !

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay :
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day :
 Return, return !

185. WHEN THE HEART IS SAD.

When the heart is sad within, Burden'd
 with the weight of sin; When the spirit
 sinks with fear, Jesus, Son of David, hear.

2 When our heads are bow'd with woe ;
 When our bitter tears o'erflow ;
 When we mourn a brother dear ;
 Jesus, son of David, hear !

3 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
 Thou hast shed affection's tear :
 Jesus, Son of David, hear !

ADORATION.

2d Treble.

Head of the Church, triumphant! We joyfully a-

dore thee; Till thou appear, Thy members here Shall

sing like those in glory. We lift our hearts and

voices In blest anticip - - pation ; And cry a-

loud, And give to God The praise of our sal - vation.

186.

- 1 Head of the Church, triumphant !
We joyfully adore thee ;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
In blest anticipation ;
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through deserts of temptation ;
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.

The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By Thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

- 3 Faith now beholds the glory
To which thou wilt restore us ;
Earth we despise
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We then, like dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heav'n.

HOW SWEET AND HEAV'NLY.

Dolce.

How sweet and heav'nly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord
In mutual love and peace unite,
And thus fulfil his word.

187. Brotherly Love.

1 How sweet and heav'nly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord
In mutual love and peace unite,
And thus fulfil his word :

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flows ;
And union, sweet and fond esteem,
In ev'ry action glows.

4 This is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he 's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom fill'd with love.

HOPEVILLE. C. M.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influ'nce to our song.

188. *Presence of Christ.*

- 1 Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart
Inspire each lifeless tongue; [heart—
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influ'nce to our song.
- 2 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame;

- Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heav'n on earth appear.

MORN OF ZION'S GLORY.

2d Treble.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in 2d Treble clef, C major, and common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical notes:

- Staff 1:** Morn of Zion's glory— Brightly thou art
- Staff 2:** breaking; Holy joys thy light is waking : Morn of Zion's
- Staff 3:** glory. Ancient saints foretold thee, Seraph-angels

glad, behold thee; Far & wide, See them glide, Streams of rich sal-

vation Flow to ev'ry nation.

189. *Dawn of the Millennium.*

1 Morn of Zion's glory—
Brightly thou art breaking,
Holy joys, thy light is waking :
Morn of Zion's glory.
Ancient saints foretold thee,
Seraph-angels glad behold thee :
Far and wide,
See them glide ;
Streams of rich salvation
Flow to ev'ry nation.

2 Morn of Zion's glory—
Ev'ry human dwelling
With thy notes of joy is swelling :
Morn of Zion's glory.
Distant hills are ringing,

Echo'd voices sweet are singing ;
Haste thee on
Like the sun,
Paths of splendor tracing, .
Heathen midnight chasing.
3 Morn of Zion's glory—
Now the night is riven ;
Now the star is high in heav'n ;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Joyful hearts are bounding,
Hallelujahs now are sounding ;
Peace with men
Dwells again ;
Jesus reigns for ever !
Jesus reigns for ever !

HASTE, O SINNER, TO BE WISE.

Haste, O sinner, to be wise,

Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun;

Wisdom warns thee from the skies,

All the paths of death to shun.

190. *Expostulation.*

- 1 Haste, O sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun !
Wisdom warns thee from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.
- 2 Haste ! and mercy now implore ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun !

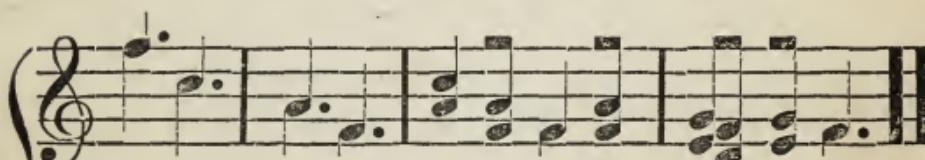
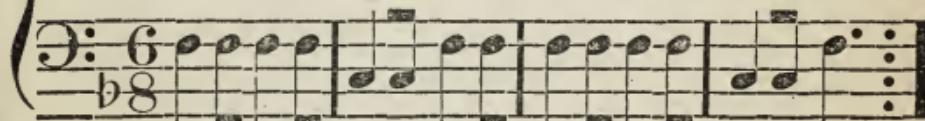
Thy probation may be o'er,
Ere this evening's work is done.

- 3 Haste while yet thou canst be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Death may e'en thy soul arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

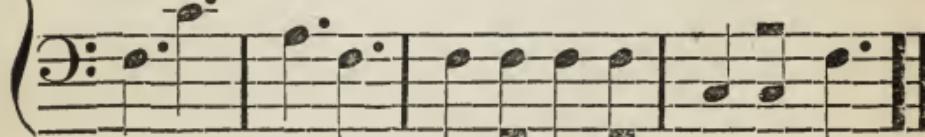
PILGRIM'S PRAYER.



Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ; Hold me with thy pow'rful hand :



Bread of Heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

191. *Pilgrim's Prayer.*

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow :
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

PITTSBURGH.

2
Fount of ev - er - lasting love!

2
b 4

Rich thy streams of mercy are;

Flowing purely from a - bove.

Beauty marks their course a - far.

192. *Praise for a Revival.*

- 1 Fount of everlasting love !
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above ;
Beauty marks their course afar.
- 2 Lo ! thy Church, thy garden now,
Blooms beneath the heav'nly show'r ;
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow ;
Mild, yet mighty is thy pow'r.
- 3 God of grace ! before thy throne,
Here our warmest thanks we bring ;
Thine the glory, thine alone ;
Loudest praise to thee we sing.
- 4 Hear, O hear our grateful song ;
Let thy Spirit still descend :
Roll the tide of grace along,
Wid'ning, deep'ning to the end.

193. *Prayer for the Holy Ghost.*

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

194. *Confession.*

- 1 Sov'reign Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall ;
Hear, O hear my earnest cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners I have been ;
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
Trampl'd on thy richest grace.

- 3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart ;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.
- 4 But with thee there may be found
Balm to heal my ev'ry wound ;
Soothe, O soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wand'rer rest.

195. *Resurrection.*

- 1 Morning breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom ;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise !
- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade ;
Drive your anxious cares away :
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christian, dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears ;
Look on his deserted grave ;
Doubt no more his pow'r to save.

196. *Seeking a blessing on public worship.*

- 1 In thy presence we appear ;
Lord, we love to worship here--
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon thy mercy seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue ;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our pray'rs ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us, when thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
All our doubts and fears remove.

THE ALARM.

Allegro. Staccato.

The musical score consists of three staves of music, each with a different key signature and time signature. The first staff starts in G major (2/4), the second in A major (2/4), and the third in C major (3/4). The music is in common time throughout. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "Haste thee, sinner, haste a - way, Vengeance". The second section is: "is at hand! From des - truction quickly flee,". The final section is: "Flee, at God's command! Nor more in - quire."

Haste thee, sinner, haste a - way, Vengeance

is at hand! From des - truction quickly flee,

Flee, at God's command! Nor more in - quire.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and has lyrics integrated into the notes: "Lo! the city's doom is seal'd; Wrath from heav'n shall be reveal'd In liquid fire!" The bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves have a common time signature.

197. *Destruction of Sodom.*

- 1 Haste thee, sinner, haste away,
Vengeance is at hand !
From destruction quickly flee,
Flee at God's command !
Nor more inquire.
Lo ! the city's doom is seal'd ;
Wrath from heav'n shall be reveal'd
In liquid fire !
- 2 Haste thee, sinner, haste away
From thee o'erwhelming rain !
Break at once thy long delay,
Stay not in the plain !
In threat'ning form,
See the clouds above thy head,
All around their folds are spread,
O, flee the storm !

- 3 Haste thee, sinner, haste away,
Ere the tempest falls !
Now the warning voice obey,
While the Spirit calls :
For refuge fly ;
In the fate of Sodom see,
What may quickly come to thee :
Why wilt thou die ?
- 4 Haste thee, sinner, haste away,
While 'tis mercy's hour ;
Harden not thy heart to-day,
Through the tempter's power ;
O, turn and live ;
Jesus is the hiding place,
Flee to him, and trust his grace ;
He will forgive.

UXBRIDGE.

Alto.

The musical score consists of six staves of music for the Alto part. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The vocal line begins with a half note, followed by a series of eighth notes, and then continues with a half note, two quarter notes, and another half note. This pattern repeats across the six staves. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staff lines. The first three staves contain the lyrics: 'At anchor laid, remote from home, Toil-' (with a dash at the end of 'Toil-'), 'ing I cry—O Spirit come; Celestial breeze! no' (with a dash at the end of 'no'), and 'longer stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.' (with a dash at the end of 'way'). The final three staves continue the musical line without additional lyrics.

198. *Breathing after the Spirit.*

- 1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, O Spirit come,
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.
- 2 Fain would I feel the Spirit move
In breathings of celestial love ;
And while I spread my feeble sails,
O send thy gentle quick'ning gales.

199. *Showers of Grace.*

- 1 As in soft silence, vernal show'rs
Descend and cheer the fainting flow'rs ;
So in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influ'nce from above.
- 2 May we this heav'nly influence find,
In holy silence of the mind,
And every grace maintain its bloom,
Diffusing wide the rich perfume :
- 3 And lands beneath the burning sky,
Which now are desolate and dry,
Ere long the blest effusions share,
And sudden green and herbage wear.

200. *Sun of Righteousness.*

- 1 O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on Zion shine ;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.
- 2 On all around let grace descend,
Like heav'nly dew, or copious show'rs,
That we may call our God our friend ;
That we may hail salvation ours.

201. *The Eternal Sabbath.*

- 1 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

[End with the first verse.]

202. *For the Monthly Concert.*

- 1 Sov'reign of worlds ! display thy pow'r,
Let this be Zion's favor'd hour ;
O bid the morning star arise ;
And point the heathen to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds, and heathen plains ;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak ! and the world shall hear thy voice
Speak ! and the desert shall rejoice ;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
Bid ev'ry nation hail the light.

203. *A morning or evening psalm.*

- 1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house ;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O , may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandr'ing way !
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief ;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

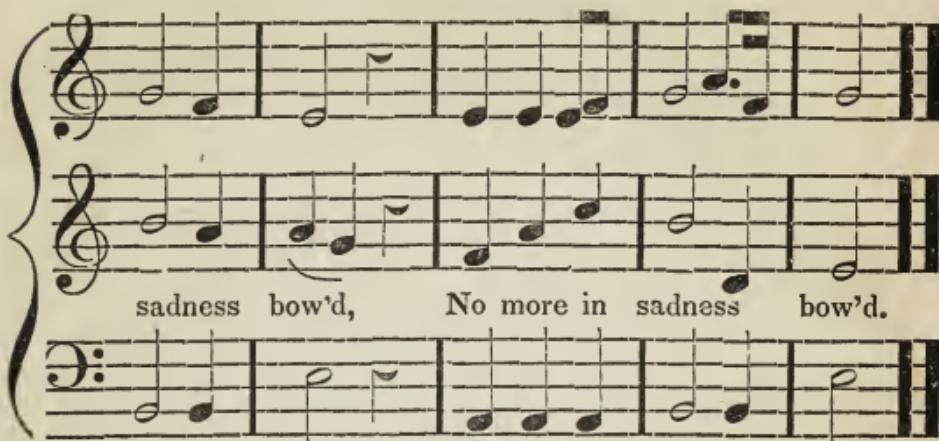
MISSION SONG.

2d Treble.

Watchmen! onward to your stations;
Preach the gospel to the nations;

Blow the trumpet long and loud; See! the day is
Speak to ev'ry gath'ring croud:

breaking; See the saints a - waking, No more in

204 *Departure of Missionaries.*

1 Watchmen ! onward to your stations ;
Blow the trumpet long and loud ;
Preach the gospel to the nations,
Speak to ev'ry gath'ring crowd :
See ! the day is breaking ;
See the saints awaking,
No more in sadness bow'd.

2 Watchmen ! hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign ;
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,
Tell it to the list'ning train :
See his love revealing ;
See the Spirit sealing ;
'Tis life amid the slain !

3 Watchmen ! as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ, his love to learn :
All their sighs and sadness,
Turn to joy and gladness,
When they his grace discern.

4 Watchmen ! now lift up your voices ;
Tell the triumphs of your King,
While the ransom'd host rejoices ;
Sing aloud, his praises sing :

See his arm victorious ;
See his kingdom glorious,
While heav'ns glad anthems ring.

PART SECOND.

5 Watchmen ! when your friends are weeping
When they bid the last adieu,
To your heav'nly Father's keeping,
Leave them, in submission true :
Kind is his protection ;
Safe by his direction,
Your onward course pursue.

6 Watchmen ! cast no look behind you,
While your foes are pressing hard,
Jesus shall himself defend you,
Zion's King shall be your guard :
What, though hosts assail you,
Christ can never fail you ;
He is your great reward.

7 Watchmen ! when your toils are ended ;
When your conflicts all are o'er,
By celestial bands attended,
You shall reach the heav'nly shore :
Crowns of joy await you,
While the hosts that hate you,
Perish evermore.

THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

2d Treble.

Slow.

O, there will be mourning, Before the judgment seat !

When this world is burning Beneath Jehovah's feet !

Friends and kindred there will part, Will part to meet no more !

Wrath will sink the rebel's heart, While saints on high adore.

O there will be mourning Before the judgment seat.

205. *The Judgment Seat.*

1 O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat !
When this world is burning
Beneath Jehovah's feet !
Friends and kindred then will part,
Will part to meet no more !
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore !

2 O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat !
When the trumpet's warning
The sinner's e'er shall greet !
Friends and kindred, &c.

3 O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat !
When from dust returning,
The lost their doom shall meet.
Friends and kindred, &c.

4 O, there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat ;
Despair for ever frowning
Shall seal the sinner's fate.
Friends and kindred then will part,
Will part to meet no more ?
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore !

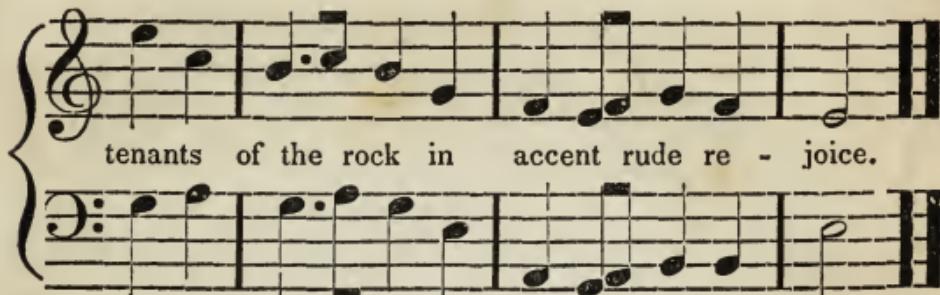
LATTER DAY.

O, city of the Lord! Begin the uni-

versal song; And let the scatter'd villages the

joyful notes pro - long, Let Kedar's wilder-

ness a - far lift up the lonely voice; And let the

206. *Universal Praise.*

- 1 O city of the Lord ! begin the universal song,
And let the scatter'd villages the joyful notes prolong:
Let Kedar's wilderness afar, lift up the lonely voice ;
And let the tenants of the rock, in accent rude rejoice.
- 2 O from the streams of distant lands unto Jehovah sing ;
And joyful from the mountain tops, shout to the Lord, the King :
Let all combined with one accord, the Saviour's glories raise,
'Till in remotest bounds of earth, the nations sound his praise.

207. *Latter Day. Micah iv. 1—5.*

- 1 Behold the mountain of the Lord in latter days shall rise,
Shall tow'r above the meaner hills, and draw the wond'ring eyes :
To this the joyful nations round, and distant tribes shall flow ;
"Ascend the hill of God," they cry, and to his temple go.
- 2 The beams that shine on Zion's hill, shall lighten ev'ry land ;
The King that reigns in Zion's towr's, shall all the world command :
No strife shall vex Messiah's reign, or mar the peaceful years ;
To plough-shares they shall beat their swords, to pruning hooks their spears.
- 3 No longer host encount'ring host, their millions slain deplore ;
The arts of peace they cultivate, and study war no more :
Come then, O come from ev'ry land, to worship at his shrine ;
And walking in the light of God, with holy beauty shine !

208. *The House not made with Hands. II Cor. v. 1--5*

- 1 There is a house not made with hands, eternal in the skies ;
And far beyond this scene of things, the fair possession lies :
Then let this earthly tenement dissolve in kindred dust ;
My Saviour hath a place prepar'd, and he is all my trust.
- 2 For this inheritance I wait within my house of clay,
Mid darkness and imprisonment, still languishing for day :
Nor naked would my soul appear, before my Father's face,
But "clad upon" in righteousness, through my Redeemer's grace.

TO THEE, MY GOD AND SAVIOUR.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with two staves: Treble (G-clef) and Bass (F-clef). The key signature changes between systems. The time signature is 2/4 for the first system, #2 for the second, 2/4 for the third, and 2/4 for the fourth.

System 1: Treble staff starts with a bass note. Bass staff starts with a bass note. Key: #4. Lyrics: "To thee, my God and Saviour, My heart ex-

System 2: Treble staff starts with a bass note. Bass staff starts with a bass note. Key: #4. Lyrics: "ulting sings, Re - joicing in thy favor, Al-

System 3: Treble staff starts with a bass note. Bass staff starts with a bass note. Key: 2. Lyrics: "mighty King of kings ! I'll celebrate thy

System 4: Treble staff starts with a bass note. Bass staff starts with a bass note. Key: 2. Lyrics: "glory, With all thy saints a - bove ; And tell the

joyful story Of thy redeeming love.

209. *Praise to the Saviour.*

1 To thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings ;
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of Kings !
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast ;
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear :
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, thro' life supported,
I pass the dang'rous road,
With heav'nly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode :
Then cast my crown before thee,
And all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee ;
What could an angel more.

210. *Prayer and Praise.*

1 To thee, in youth's bright morning,
Father of all we pray ;
While thought and fancy dawning,
Lead on the rising day ;
To thee, in life's last even,
We'll tune our feebler breath ;
Hear all our sins forgiven,
And softly sleep in death.

2 When from death's sleep we 'waken,
No fears shall us surprise ;
All earthly things forsaken,
What joys shall meet our eyes !
With raptures then increasing,
For ever we'll rejoice ;
And praises, never-ceasing,
Shall wake each tuneful voice.

211. *Departure of Missionaries.*

1 Roll on thou mighty ocean !
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To ev'ry land below.
Arise ye gales and waft them
Safe to the destir'd shore ;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou Eternal Ruler !
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean ;
Deliver them from harm !
Thy presence still be with them,
Wherever they may be ;
Though far from us who love them,
O let them be with thee.

212. *Doxology.*

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal praise be giv'n,
By all that earth inherit,
And all that dwell in heav'n :
Thou triune God ! before thee,
Our inmost souls adore :
Who art and hast been worthy,
And shalt be evermore.

THE CROSS. C. M.

Alto.

Adagio. Affet.

I saw one hanging on a tree, In ago-

ny and blood ; Who fix'd his languid eyes on me, As

near the cross I stood, As near the cross I stood.

Pia.

213. *A Look from the Cross.*

- 1 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agony, and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 Alas, I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain ;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord had slain.
- 4 A second look he gave which said,
“I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die, that thou may'st live.”
- “Thus while my death, thy sin displays
In all its blackest hue ;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals thy pardon too !”

214. *In Darkness.*

- 1 Hear, gracious God, my humble moan !
To thee, I breathe my sighs ;
When will the mournful night be gone,
And when my joys arise ?
- 2 My God ! O could I make the claim,
My Father and my Friend,
And call thee mine, by ev'ry name,
On which thy saints depend.
- 3 By ev'ry name, of pow'r and love,
I would thy grace entreat
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave the sacred seat.
- 4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;
Here I would rest 'till light returns.
Thy presence makes my day.

215. *Prayer for quickening grace.*

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd ;
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
216. *Death of a young person.*
- 1 When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth impress
With awful pow'r—“I too must die”—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey ;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch, and pray.
- 4 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'ful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

SOLITUDE.

2 3
4

How tedious and tasteless the hours, When

2 3
4

Jesus no longer I see! The woodlands the

2 3
4

fields, and the flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me;

2 3
4

His name yields the richest perfume, And

2 3
4

217. *In Darkness.*

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see !
The woodlands, the fields, and the flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
His name yields the richest perfume,
And softer than music his voice ;
His presence can banish my gloom,
And bid all within me rejoice.

2 Dear Lord, if indeed thou art mine,
And thou art my light and my song ;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore,
Or bid me soar upward on high,
Where winter and storms are no more.

218. *Faith Fainting.*

1 Encompass'd with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine ;
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load :
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep :
O'erwhelm'd and cast out from thy sight,
The tempter suggests in that hour,
The Lord has forgotten me quite :
My God will be gracious no more.

3 Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease :
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I :
Almighty to rescue thou art ;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r ;
O gladden my desolate heart,
Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

219. *Praise.*

This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And knows neither measure nor end ;
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

WILL YOU SCORN THE MESSAGE.

Sinners, will you scorn the message Coming

from the courts above? Mercy beams in ev'ry

passage; Ev'ry line is full of love: O re-

ceive it, Ev'ry line is full of love.

220. *Exhortation to Sinners.*

1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Coming from the courts above ?
Mercy beams in ev'ry passage ;
Ev'ry line is full of love :
O receive it !
Ev'ry line is full of love.

2 Now the heralds of salvation,
Joyful news aloud proclaim :
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-aton ing Lamb !
Life receiving,
Through the all-aton ing Lamb !

HEBER.

Slow and soft.

221. *Prayer for Salvation.*

1 Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind, the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, infinite ;
Jesus, hear and save !

Cleanse us now, from ev'ry stain ;
Jesus, hear and save !

2 Great Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd,
Jesus, hear and save !

4 Thron'd above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings ;
Jesus, hear and save !

3 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Thou didst bear our grief and pain ;

5 Soon descend to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then ;
Jesus, hear and save !

WAKE THE SONG.

Wake the song of ju - bilee! Let it

echo o'er the sea; Let it sound from shore to

shore; Jesus reigns for ev - er - more.

222. *Christ's Reign.*

1 Wake the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea,
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.

2 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Now the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings!

223. *Light Divine.*

1 Light Divine, Immanuel!
Evermore within me dwell:
Now arise and cheer my soul;
Make the wounded spirit whole.

2 Light Divine, my Saviour, God!
Seal my pardon with thy blood;
All my load of guilt remove;
Fill me with thy boundless love.

HINTS TO LAYMEN, AND TO THE CLERGY.

1. THE tunes of this volume admit of some variety of style, as to the manner of expressing different subjects, with the same melody. Generally speaking, however, the movement should be more rapid and chantant, than would be required in psalmody. The AIR is so arranged as to be sung either with tenor or treble voices: but the SECOND TREBLE does not admit of the same license.

2. Some few of the tunes, such as Chester, p. 17, Invitation, p. 43, Return, O Wanderer, p. 51, being intended only for a single voice, should seldom be given to a full choir or congregation.

3. A small number of tunes, such as Watchman tell us, p. 72, Response, p. 106, Gospel Banner, p. 116, as they have the best effect in dialogue, should not be given out in public meetings, without consulting the person who leads the singing.

4. Such pieces as Brightness of Glory, p. 58, The Lord is my Shepherd, p. 100, and a few others, are of a character too delicate for ordinary occasions; and are properly classed with such pieces as Elliot, p. 85, and Evening Song, p. 86, to be sung in family worship.

5. Another class of tunes may be mentioned, such as Zion, p. 16, Salem, p. 28, Light of those, p. 36, Believer's Joy, p. 38, The Warning, p. 40, Missionary Hymn, p. 44, Conflict, p. 52, Geneva, p. 60, There is a Harp, p. 64, Sweet was the Time, p. 66, The Promises, p. 74, Happy Soul, p. 76, Moravian Hymn, p. 79, Rock of Ages, p. 84, Convocation, p. 92, My faith looks up to Thee, p. 94, Brainerd, p. 96, Advent, p. 98, Prospect p. 102, Norfolk, p. 110, While Life prolongs, p. 112, To-day the Saviour calls, p. 114, Return, p. 120, Adoration, p. 122, The Alarm, p. 132, Mission Song, p. 126, The Judgment Seat, p. 138, Will you scorn the Message, p. 148, and Wake the Song, p. 150. Though the tunes of this class, like most of the others, are intended for seasons of private worship, or family circles of prayer, they may yet occasionally be sung by a full orchestra, during public worship on the Sabbath, or on other occasions of

religious interest, especially when the words have been rendered familiar to the congregation.

6. The clergyman should seldom read two hymns of a peculiar metre from the same page of this work, during a single religious meeting, as this would generally require two successive performances of the same tune. This rule applies rigidly to peculiar metres.

7. It is scarcely to be presumed, that any company of singers would always be prepared to perform every tune in the volume that a clergyman might choose to select. A regular list should therefore be furnished him ; or the tunes committed to memory may be marked in the margin with a pencil.

8. The compilers would respectfully suggest, whether the practice of committing devotional hymns to memory, that prevails in some denominations, ought not to be more extensively adopted. This would greatly facilitate the performance of such hymns, and heighten the general interest in their character.

9. Is it necessary that such an endless variety of hymns should be selected, as is often the practice ? Hymns with which we are familiarly acquainted, and with which we are particularly pleased, have been found, in general, to produce the strongest effect upon our devotions. The simple, didactic or descriptive too, is better to be read than to be sung. And, on the other hand, a small number of *general* subjects, it is believed, may be found appropriate to a great variety of sermons or occasions.—The 51st psalm, for example, might be well adapted, so far as the subject is concerned, to a whole series of sermons on the nature and duty of repentance, embracing the obligations and motives ; or to a similar series on the subject of forgiveness ; or to a series which should be calculated to expose any particular sins, or any causes of lukewarmness, or backsliding, or impenitence. But to seek for hymns which should enter into all the leading particulars of a didactic or argumentative discourse on these subjects, would be to seek for skeletons in rhyme, which could never be sung to any devotional purpose. If this fact were more generally understood, it would lead in time to the exclusion of a multitude of unpoetic effusions from the current hymn books : and this, as we fully believe, to the great improvement of devotional singing.

10. The practice of lining the psalm, as it is called, would nearly destroy the effect of these simple melodies. The practice is a great injury to psalmody, under any circumstances ;

but here it would be peculiarly detrimental to the interests of devotion. Ought not a practice which seems to have originated in the want of books, and the ignorance of letters, to be abandoned in such an age of improvement as our own?

11. In reference to the matters above mentioned, the clergyman, if not himself a singer, would do well to consult with the persons who have this portion of the religious exercises more particularly in charge. A few moments' consultation, previous to a meeting, would often richly repay the effort, in the devotional influences of song, when the singers themselves are spiritual.

12. The influence of clergymen at private rehearsals, and at schools, would be of great use. The voice of prayer and occasional exhortation, should be heard in such places. The Lord is beginning to bless singing schools that are religiously conducted: and ought not the watchmen to recognize this fact among the interesting signs of the times? Clergymen are prone to neglect this subject: and too often they occasion, without, perhaps intending it, great discouragement to the singers, with their congregations. A little attention to this subject, on right principles, would not be in vain, although a pastor should really have no talent for music.

13. In past ages, devotional singing was almost universal in Christian families. Why is it now so extensively neglected? Have the apostolic precepts and examples on this subject, no longer any binding influence upon us? Few families would be found destitute of talent, when these were habitually obeyed.

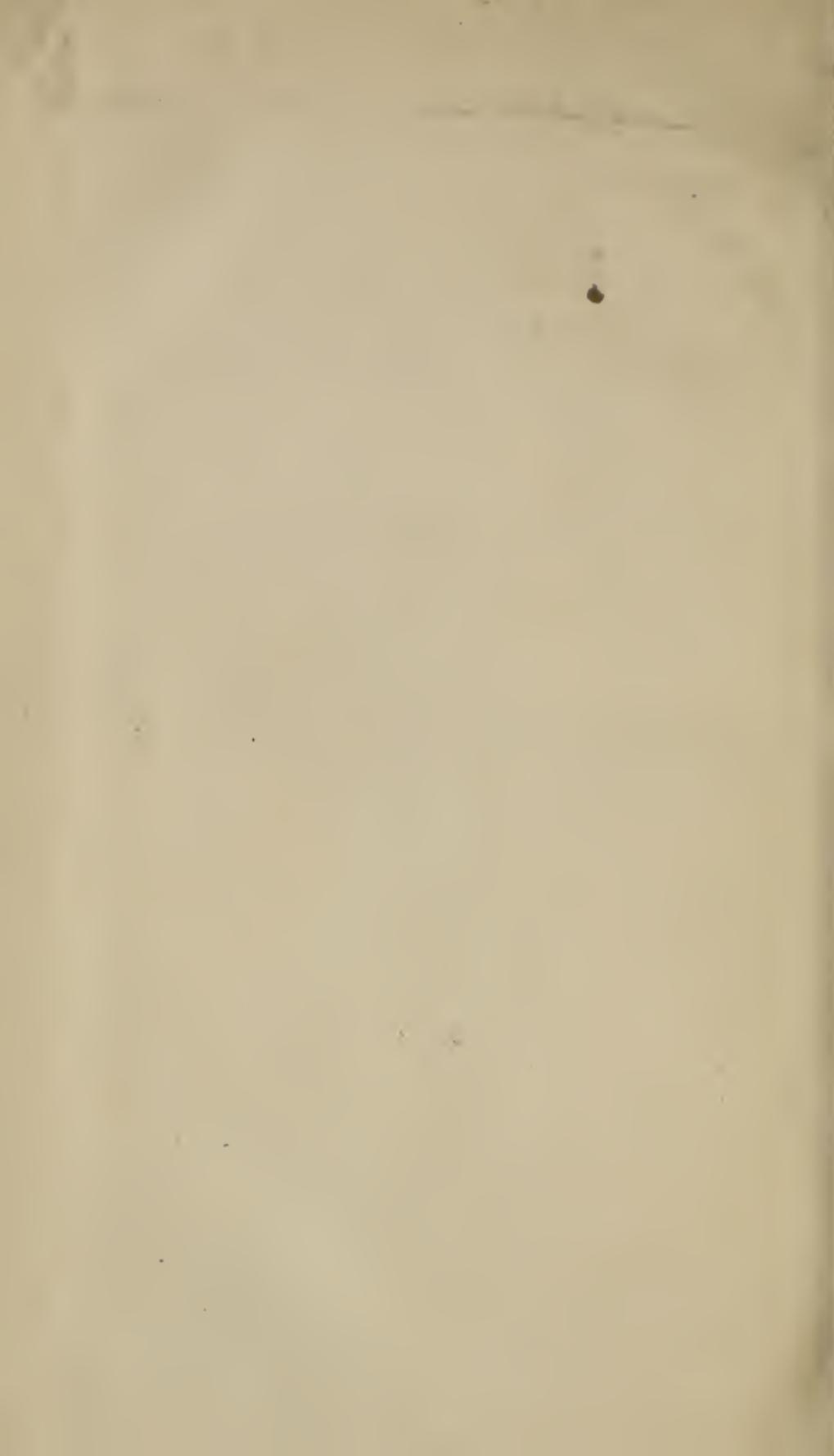
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